

THE EPISCOPALIAN

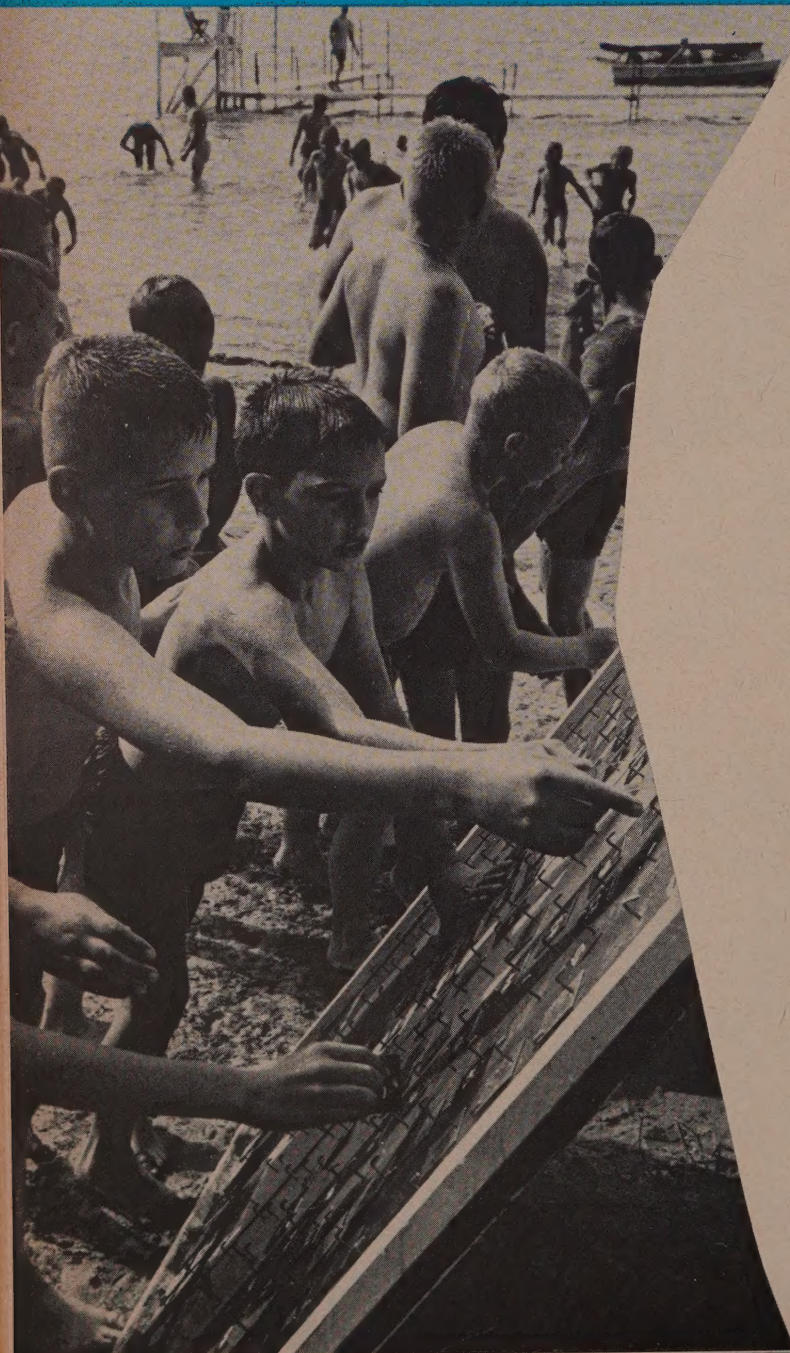
JUNE • 1964



SUMMER READING ISSUE

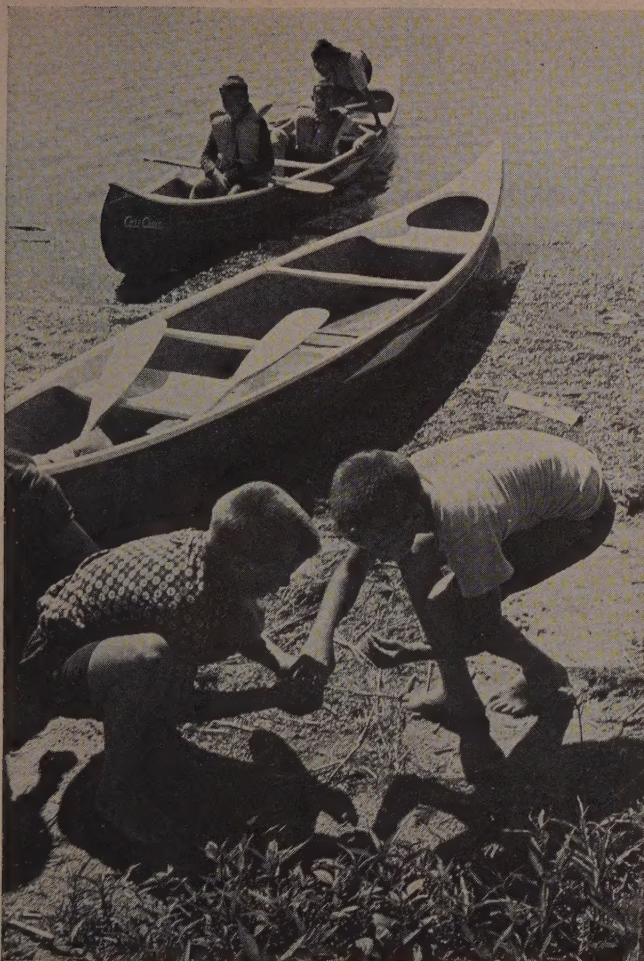
Louis Cassels • LESLEY CONGER • *T. S. Eliot* • DAVID HEAD
PAUL MOORE • *Mary Morrison* • MARTHA MOSCRIP • *Janet Tulloch*
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Last one in is a rotten egg

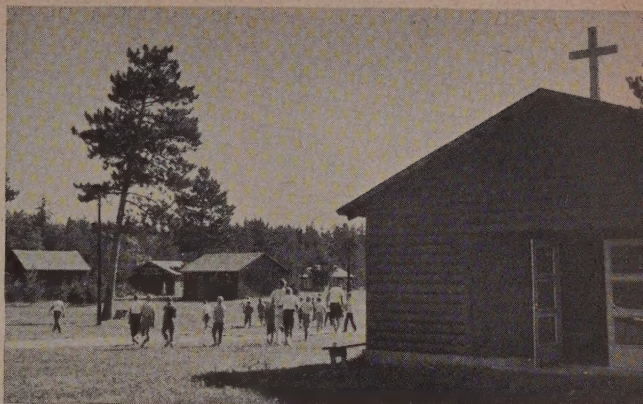


School's out — summer's in. With the last bang of the last book, youngsters across the nation will head for summer camps —nearly 200 sponsored by Episcopal dioceses and parishes, and many others, including specialty camps which combine healthy outdoor living with concentrated courses in music, tennis, or horsemanship. Some camps are devoted to working for the needs of others; others include an emphasis on international study. For all of them run by Episcopalians, the chapel stands at the heart of the camp, wherever its geographical location may be. The following photographs, taken at the Diocese of Minnesota's fine Cass Lake Camp, remind us of this valuable, and often overlooked, summer ministry.

—RUTH MALONE



A search by the side of a lake is many a small boy's idea of paradise. At Cass Lake Camp, in the Diocese of Minnesota, boys learn to paddle their own canoes—in partnership.



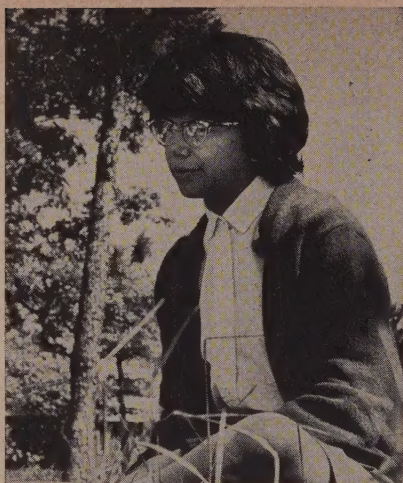
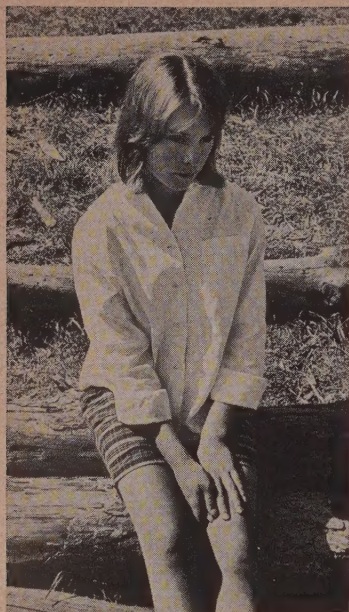
Chow line forms three times daily—enthusiastically. The chapel remains the source of strength and renewal and is the center of reality for all diocesan and other camps.



Boys on their way to being men watch the counselors try some Indian wrestling.



Success of any camp venture depends on the quality of counselors, who provide leadership, humor, know-how, discipline—and even Hootenannies!



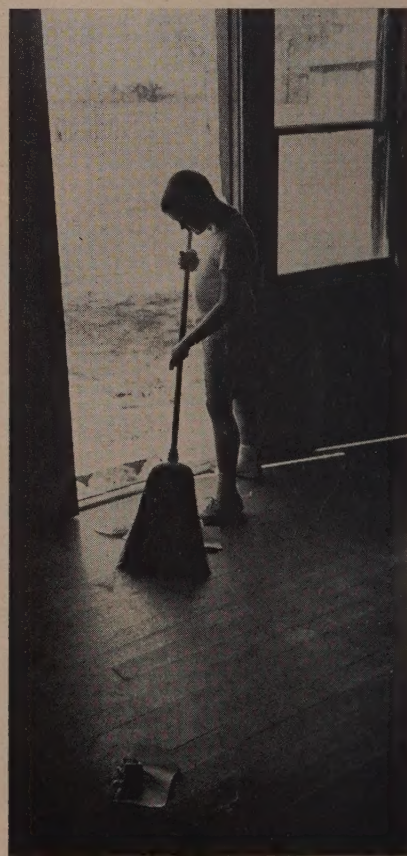
Serious discussions of important topics provide avenues by which campers come to know better their own faith, and to understand other persons and other ways of life in this country.

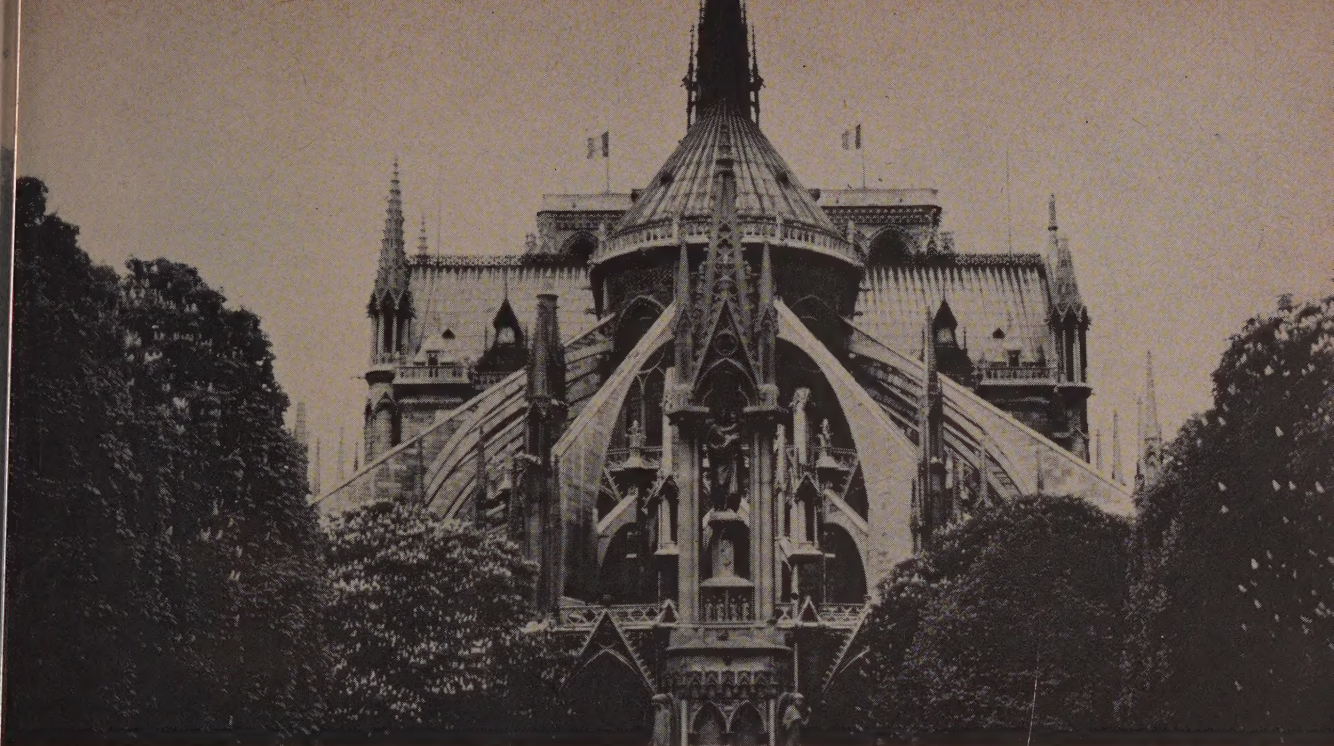


There's room every day for laughter and horseplay—but the daily chores must be performed, and all campers take their turns at fun and work.



Informally clad worshipers celebrate in song and prayer their gratitude. The chapel provides a core around which camp life revolves, centered in God and circled by the fellowship with other campers.





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LETTERS

THE WOMEN: SOME REACTION

[In your article] . . . on "The Role of Women in the Church" from the March, 1964, issue of THE EPISCOPALIAN, there is a reference to the Episcopal Churchwomen as being identical with the General Division of Women's Work. I should like to clarify that by saying that the phrase "Episcopal Churchwomen" usually refers to a diocesan board. Because the General Division of Women's Work represents all the women of the church and not only those in organized groups, we use that general title. . . .

The present chairman of the General Division of Women's Work is not Phoebe Foster, but Mrs. Ernest E. Rucker of the Diocese of Southwestern Virginia. . . .

On page 20, reference is made to members of the Division serving on the six departments of National Council. Women members of the Division

serve on five departments, but not on the Department of Finance. . . .

FRANCES YOUNG

Executive Director

General Division of Women's Work

Jeannie Willis's article in the February issue, "The Role of Women in the Church, Part I," reveals a basic misunderstanding of the meaning of Christian vocation and of the doctrine of the priesthood of all the baptized. This misunderstanding is particularly evident in her statement (page 13): "Is there, or is there not, an established profession for women in the church? Service, certainly. But vocations?" [Mrs.] Willis apparently anticipates a No answer to the last question.

At baptism we are made members of the Body of Christ and sharers in His royal priesthood. Every Christian, then, has a sacred mission—a vocation—to fulfill. This sacred mission may be fulfilled as housewives, lawyers,

ditch diggers, nuns, doctors, "women workers," truck drivers, or as ordained deacons and priests. All are Christian vocations, and whichever one is ours is a matter for God to decide, not a majority vote at a General Convention. . . .

One can never forget that apart from the laity . . . baptized into the Body of Christ, there is no Church! And what greater privilege can there be above Baptism?

ALLAN J. STIFFLEAR

Central Bridge, N.Y.

. . . The article on women in the church . . . interests me—but what is Jeannie Willis's closing question leading up to? Genesis tells us that God made women as "an help meet" to man; but where does the Bible say that she is to be man's equal? Cannot lives of dedication and service be satisfying in themselves, without our having to

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ONE AIM

Makes Every Minute Count

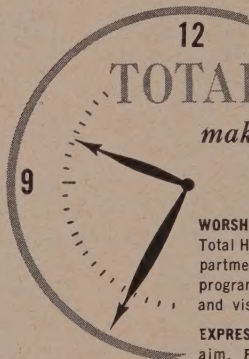
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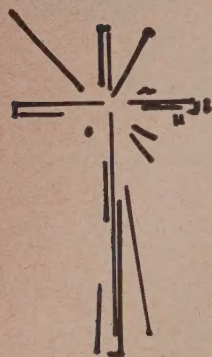
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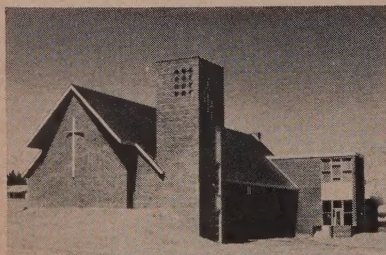
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FOR YOUR INFORMATION

Our cover design by **Robert Wood** is an invitation to the thirty-two-page section beginning on page 17. The choices range from whimsy to solid intellectual fare. Most of them have nothing at all to do with any particular time of the year; we hope our readers will enjoy all of them. For more information about the contributors to this feature, see page 52.

Continuing our summery theme is "LAST ONE IN IS A ROTTEN EGG," page 2. The story-in-pictures of a diocesan summer camp comes from free-lance photographer **Thomas Young**, who is also a graduate student at the University of Minnesota's School of Journalism.

"LIGHT IN THE HOGAN," page 13, is a team effort by a young Episcopal family from Bethesda, Maryland. The author is Mrs. **Dorothy B. Huyck**, a free-lance writer who has previously appeared in *THE EPISCOPALIAN*. The pictures were taken by her husband, Mr. Earl Huyck, an editor and program analyst in the U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. Research collaborators were the Huycks' young daughters, Heather Ann and Holly. During the Huycks' stay in Arizona, two members of the family slept in a hogan and the other two slept on the back of a pickup truck.

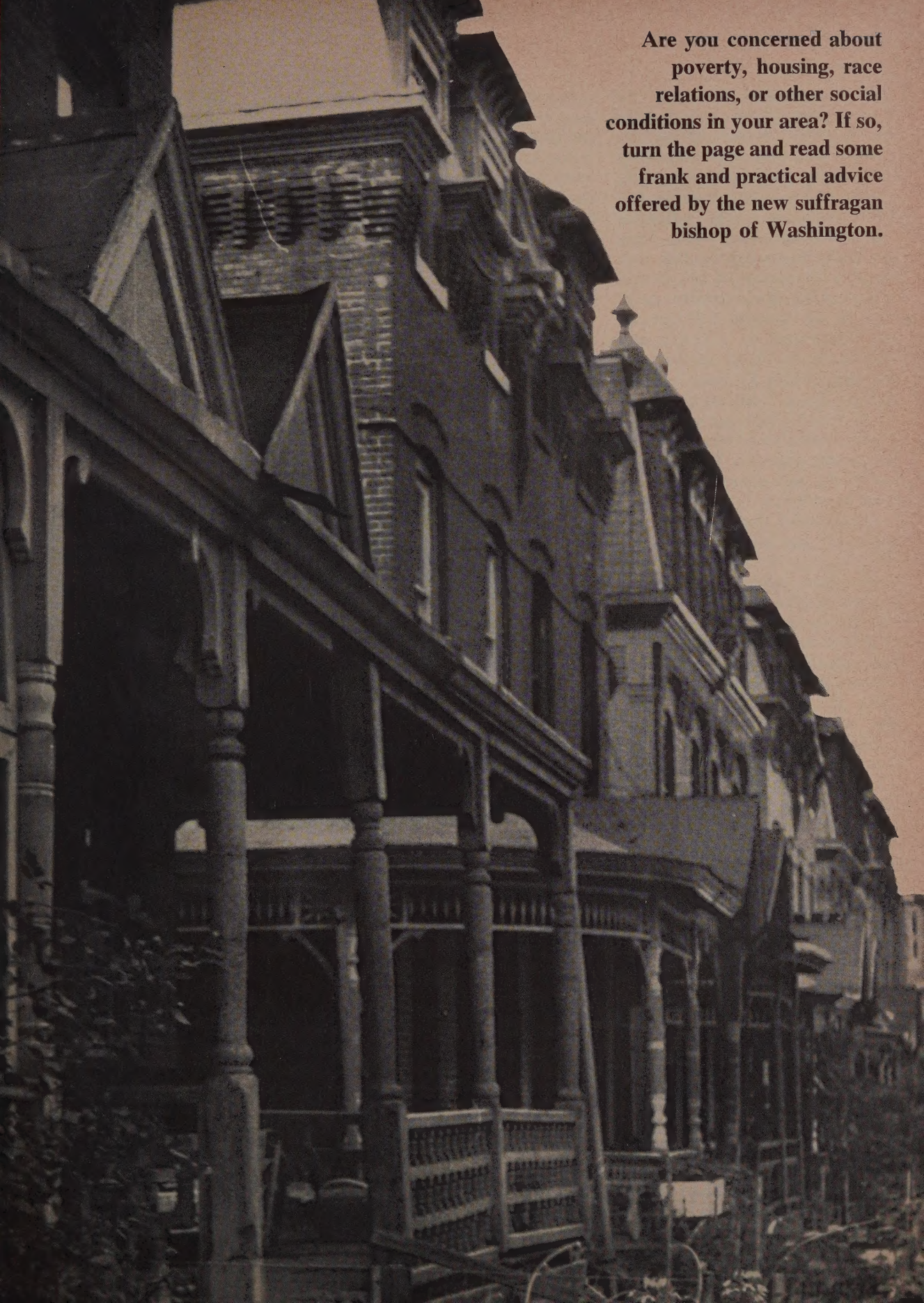
Even the worthiest efforts to improve a community problem can fail; "AND SUDDENLY NOTHING HAPPENS," page 9, gives some of the reasons. The author is the Rt. Rev. **Paul Moore, Jr.**, Suffragan Bishop of Washington (see *THE EPISCOPALIAN*, April, 1964), who has practical experience in launching urban projects that work.

in the next issue of

THE
EPISCOPALIAN

- General Convention
- Starting from Scratch
- When Tragedy Strikes
- Mutual Responsibility:
theory and fact

Are you concerned about poverty, housing, race relations, or other social conditions in your area? If so, turn the page and read some frank and practical advice offered by the new suffragan bishop of Washington.



IN THE trampled dignity of the reception room outside the mayor's office, several restless do-gooders sat, eyes wandering from the mayor's great mahogany door, upward to the Victorian ceiling and down again, low voices exchanging wry comments. They were fairly prominent do-gooders in their own leagues: the pastors of two Protestant churches, the executive secretary of the uptown Y.M.C.A., a representative of the C.I.O. county council, the presidents of the local American Jewish Congress and the N.A.A.C.P., a board member from the Y.W.C.A., and one bewildered young businessman who took the Boy Scouts seriously. Their mission had to do with alleged police brutality to juveniles.

They awaited the pleasure of the mayor and had been awaiting it for half an hour. In and out of the room came petitioners from the humbler peoples, who, one by one, were put in the care of seedy office-holders of one kind or another. This was entertaining for a time, but waiting longer than twenty minutes ruffles the dignity of all but the most subservient.

Finally, who should open the great mahogany door but Monsignor O'Sullivan, pastor of St. Patrick's Church. He graciously received the surprised delegation, apologized for the mayor's absence, and offered his own services as chairman of the meeting instead. The grievances were aired, one by one, and the commissioner of public safety defended the police, precinct by precinct. The matter would be discussed with the mayor, they were assured, and every member of the delegation would be advised of the outcome. Each name and address was written down with great concern. The delegation departed, waited several weeks—and suddenly, nothing happened.

Oh, incidentally, the Protestant ministers, on their way home, had been pleased to see St. Patrick's new playground almost completed. A city truck was pouring the last bit of concrete.

Moral of the story: some churches have access to the political power structure and some don't.

The collision of the gospel with urban power structures goes back to the time of Jeremiah, or even to the time of Samson and the Philistines of Gaza, although nowadays we are hardly strong enough to pull down the whole structure on our blind heads!

If this tradition of struggle is to continue and produce an occasional victory for the Lord, one must try to understand the nature of the complex of forces within the community. In the following pages, therefore, I

define and fairly constant group. A more recent view sees decisions made by a shifting constellation of groups. Whatever the experts' degree of emphasis, however, it is clear to all that a person's power does directly affect the influence he can bring to bear upon a community decision, and it is also clear that several powerful individuals of coinciding interests can bring their corporate power into action with great effect. Further, such groupings of power relate to each other, interact, and overlap. This relationship is what is meant by the power structure.

AND SUDDENLY, NOTHING HAPPENS

will try to describe the urban power structure; to see the interplay between its forces and the Church; to point up some of the anomalies of the subject; and to suggest some ways of dealing with the reality of power. For without such understanding, great efforts are made in good faith—and suddenly, nothing happens.

I suppose one untrained in sociology should not venture into this field, for even among sociologists a variety of opinion exists. The school of thought represented by C. Wright Mills and Floyd Hunter tends to center the locus of decision-making in any given community within a

Urban power structures are evident within business and industry, politics, cultural institutions, social work, and even religion. Minority groups have their own substructures of influence, affecting, in turn, majority groups. State and national influence affects all of these both within their fields and through climate of opinion, economic and political forces, and the mass media.

First, let us look at politics. In the metropolis, political leaders, by and large, have less prestige than their opposite numbers in business and industry. This is mainly due to the financial sacrifice involved in political office, and to the fact that

in most cities in the United States the economic leadership lives in the suburbs outside the city limits and therefore is ineligible for election. Thus city politicians, because of their lack of stature, tend to be reactors, not leaders.

In certain communities, they are under the direct influence of the chamber of commerce because it controls the newspapers, access to campaign funds, and therefore, votes. In other cities, labor and/or minority groups exert the direct pressure of votes. In some places, the Church is politically involved: the Roman Catholic Church in the

Whether they do depends upon where they receive their power: from their constituents, or from the favors granted them from members of the majority group.

The economic power structure and members of "society" naturally exert a conservative influence: taxation favorable to the business interests they represent, a minimum of public welfare, a minimum of government control (local is least offensive, international most offensive), antilabor legislation, a weak civil rights program, and a doctrinaire free-enterprise philosophy across the board. Within this structure, the

face in their attitude toward civil rights legislation. Some pondered whether this had to do with the stiffening of the federal government's attitude. In any case, much to the surprise of the Indiana Civil Liberties Union and the N.A.A.C.P., the civil rights bill aroused no opposition in the legislature, despite the fact that two years before a much weaker bill had barely squeaked through. A couple of years ago I was leading a Christian social relations conference for clergy and laymen in Texas. We had a secret poll to find out who they thought ran the town where they lived. The chamber of commerce won an easy victory, with the Southern Baptists second. Some said, "What's the difference!"

There are less obvious but important sources of influence. One would not call the cultural community exactly a power structure, and yet a certain difference of orientation on the national level, as the New Frontier, is not unrelated to cultural matters. Locally, the presence of a university can radically alter the social and hence the political climate.

By the same token, a weak group, like the social workers in a city, can actually make themselves felt far beyond their numbers because of their skill and knowledge. They are in constant communication with board members who are often members of the economic power structure; they have the skill to directly influence legislation; and they are alert to the time and place of decision-making.

Interesting variations occur within this oversimplified picture. The extremely rich families and those who are at the very top of the social structure tend to be more liberal in certain areas than those who are socially less secure. Some of the former prefer to stand above the struggle, unless a particular project is of special interest.

I shall assume, arbitrarily, that the readers of this article are concerned with the achievement of Christian social justice as it is generally conceived, and that their interest in the power structure has to



Northeast, the Southern Baptists in the South, and I daresay the Episcopal Church can throw its weight around with some effect in suburban communities. (In other words, the cast of characters in the anecdote with which this article opened could shift their denominations and act out the same scene in another part of the country.)

The politicians of the city vary their programs according to the pressures, individual and combined, of these power structures. Nor are these pressures always predictable. For instance, leaders of labor and minority groups do not always push very hard for "liberal" measures.

power any individual commands depends upon his wealth, the size of the corporation he is part of and his position within it, his place in "society" (old family or new), the degree to which he is considered "sound," and, of course, his willingness to act and his ability to lead. These men may be formally organized in the chamber of commerce (more typical of small cities) or informally associated because of friendship or common business interests.

Here are two examples of chamber of commerce influence. In Indiana this last year, the state and the Indianapolis chambers did an about-

And Suddenly Nothing Happens

do with how an understanding of it can make this achievement easier. Some of the ends of this social justice would include: equality of opportunity in education, employment, public accommodation, and housing; honest and enlightened government; adequate health, social, and recreational facilities and services; good schools on all levels; and the availability of a variety of cultural resources to as many as possible. The bind comes when the attainment of any of these ends runs contrary to the special interests of a group which has the power to obstruct it.

When I speak of the *Church* working with or against the *power structure*, I am afraid you will have a mental picture of an enlightened Church struggling against an evil or pagan power structure—martyrs and Roman emperors hovering in the background! Of course this is far from the case, because almost all of the upper reaches of the urban power structures are already active members of a church. Do you have a picture, then, of enlightened clergy battling stodgy laymen? This might describe some aspects of the fray, but you know some laymen are more enlightened than some of the clergy, hard as it is to admit this! Well, do you have a vision of Christian liberals with swords drawn against Christian conservatives? Many mean this, I imagine, but don't dare say it. If we are to be fair and objective, however, we cannot let this picture stand either.

We *are* speaking of the interaction of the Church and the power structure as entities, even though they overlap in membership and spheres of interest. (The Church's interest as an institution may not always be for the common good either.) Some generalizations may clarify the picture further.

First of all, those Christians who believe that their faith has to do with social issues tend to be more liberal-minded than those who think of the Church as a purely "spiritual" affair. For instance, recently the rector of a northern parish took part in a Prayer Pilgrimage through southern and northern cities, on way

to the General Convention of the Episcopal Church. The Mississippi authorities jailed him for breaking a segregation law. On his return home, a study of the parish attitudes was made. Those who supported the rector's action argued their case from the tenets of the faith. Those who opposed it argued from a secular line of reasoning. The conservatives in this situation did not bring the faith to bear upon their social thinking.

An exception to this generalization, of course, is the anticommunism, antigambling, antiliquor, and antiautomobile-accident bias of even the most, and usually the most, fundamentalist sect. Generally speaking, however, those who represent the churches officially or semiofficially in social action are likely to hold a more liberal view than the economic power structure. This is also true, of course, of the official statements of the national bodies of the denominations and of ecumenical organizations like the National Council of Churches. The tension exists therefore *within* the Church as well as outside the Church and in the community.

Some of the emotion generated by this tension is tinged with fear and hostility, and the pressure of the power structure upon the Church is great enough to prevent the Church from living up to the principles declared by its hierarchies. Thus the sharpness of the gospel preached and acted out by a parish usually varies inversely with the percentage of members of the economic power structure within its congregation.

The gospel has considerable influence upon the individual and domestic morality of the practicing churchman, but its influence upon his social thinking is less observable. This accounts for the greater militancy of much of Negro church life where Christian principles coincide with secular advantage to a large extent. This is not to minimize the courage of their leaders or the importance of their witness. The member of the chamber of commerce on the one hand and the Negro pastor who is president of the local

N.A.A.C.P. on the other both attempt to justify the goals of their part of the power structure. "What is good for business is good for the community." "Equality of opportunity is implicit in the gospel." The reader may agree with one and disagree with the other, but both are attempts at rationalization, and the point is that men in general form their social views according to their social needs and not according to their religious belief.

Besides the degree of liberalism or conservatism which best approximates the social implementation of the gospel, there is another controversial area; namely, is Christian social action best carried out by individuals anonymously, by individuals in the name of Christ, by a parish, by a diocese, by a Church federation, or by an alliance of the Church with secular organizations? In other words, in what way can the will of God for society best be effected in view of our knowledge of the urban power structure?

Let us say you, our reader, see a clear need for a low-cost housing unit in a certain blighted area of your city. You happen to be a top-rung member of the economic power structure; therefore you can explore with little difficulty the economic feasibility of securing such housing by private enterprise, and, if it proves feasible, you can arrange the financing. If you find public funds are necessary, and, because of the pressing need, can overcome your bias against this degree of socialism, you are in a position to persuade your colleagues in the chamber of commerce, including realtors, that such a project would not interfere with their interests, that in fact it would be a demonstration of the chamber's public-mindedness. Having, with luck, persuaded a nucleus of key persons, you and they could then work with the mayor, the planning commission, and others to begin the necessary governmental procedures to secure funds.

In such a maneuver, your Christian motivation would not be observed; the Church would not be

Continued on page 59

LIGHT in the HOGAN

On the vast Navajo Reservation, each vantage point offers a view of an ancient past, and a glimpse of a future that demands new ideas and attitudes.

EACH DAY the students gather for prayer, arts and crafts, games, and the singing of such well-known songs as "Jesus Loves Me." They attend Bible study classes, and discuss how these stories are related to their own lives.

At first this sounds like an ordinary example of the summer ritual familiar to, and beloved by, many young Episcopalians—Bible school.

This particular Bible school, conducted in the bleakly beautiful outlands of Arizona, is a far from typical summer program, however: the voices that chorus "Jesus Loves Me" do so in the intricate accents of the Navajo language; the Bible lessons are made to come to life through references to sheep, the loom, the pickup truck, and other objects commonplace here. The students—some forty of them, ranging in age from the new infant laced to his cradleboard, to the elderly couple who

started this sizable clan—are all members of the same family.

Bible School on Wheels

Perhaps the most unusual characteristic of this atypical school, however, is the fact that those who attend do not go to the church. Instead, the church comes to them in the form of a priest, a pickup truck, and a group of college students who have volunteered to spend eight summer weeks as part of the Episcopal Church's ministry in the vast, rugged Arizona section of the Navajo Reservation. The building in which the classes are held is not part of a church plant; it is the one-room, earth-floored home—or hogan—of Grandmother and Grandfather Begay.

The visiting clergyman is the Rev. E. Jack Fowler, superintendent of the Good Shepherd Mission in Fort

Defiance, Arizona. Only a few of his parishioners—some 1,200 Episcopalians scattered over the 17,000 square miles encompassed by this portion of the reservation—live within traveling distance of the mission itself. If the Episcopal Church is to conduct a mission to the Navajo people—some of whom live 175 miles from the Fort Defiance station, with no good roads between—then it must go to them.

One way to do this is via the traveling Bible school which Father Fowler and his team conduct each summer; another is by regular services of Communion. In order to pare down his travel time to the backlands of his sprawling parish, Father Fowler acquired his own plane, which he pilots himself.

"Grandmother" Means "Boss"

The members of the Begay family,
Continued on page 14

**BY DOROTHY B. HUYCK
PHOTOS BY EARL HUYCK**





The Rev. E. Jack Fowler, shown with "Grandfather" Begay and a college volunteer, celebrates Holy Communion.

for whom this week-long program is each year conducted, were summoned by the elder Mrs. Begay, a stately prototype of the Navajo matriarch. Everyone calls her "Grandmother," a term of respect signifying that she is the head of the family.

A dedicated Episcopalian, "Grandmother" Lilly Begay is a gracious hostess whose home serves as headquarters not only for the Bible school, but also for the Eucharist which Father Fowler celebrates each month.

Now, during Bible school, the household supply of sheepskins is pushed aside, and a fine blanket is spread under a low table which serves as an altar. In her traditional costume of velveteen, with silver and turquoise jewelry, and with her shiny black hair bound at the nape of her neck, Grandmother Begay chews wintergreen-flavored tobacco, speaks no English, and shows that—in keeping with her status as matriarch—she has "everything under control at all times."

Following daily Communion, the

group assembles for a breakfast of inky black coffee, fried potatoes, and the puffy fried bread—made from a biscuitlike dough cooked in hot lard—that is a Navajo staple. The group separates into classes—some for adults and some for children. Later, lunch will be provided from the pickup-transported rations—a week's supply of canned meat, noodles, watermelons, and the preferred beverage, Kool Aid—brought by the priest.

The Travelers

During the summer weeks, Father Fowler and the Rev. Reginald Rodriguez, a Laguna Indian who is vicar of the Good Shepherd Mission, conduct several of these seven-day-long Bible schools. Assisted by ten college students they travel to seven different destinations.

Of these gathering points, three are outposts maintained by the Episcopal Church. St. Anne's, Sawmill, is under the supervision of a deaconess who serves full time; St. Mark's across the border in Coal-

mine, New Mexico, is also directed by a deaconess. The third station, St. Luke's in Navajo, New Mexico, is directed by a Church Army captain and his wife.

At Kayenta, the fourth stop, services are held in a gymnasium rented from the local public school. The remaining three stopovers are at private homes, including that of the Begays of Black Mountain.

The Starting Point

For newly arriving college volunteers and other visitors to Good Shepherd Mission, the first meeting with Father Fowler and his staff is at the Fort Defiance complex. With a population of almost 1,500, Fort Defiance is a veritable metropolis. Its residents include a number of U.S. Government personnel associated with the extensive operations of the Bureau of Indian Affairs.

The entire Navajo Reservation numbers some 90,000 people; the area in which the Good Shepherd Mission functions is inhabited by

about two thirds of the Navajo nation. In addition to the Episcopal missions which operate throughout the reservation, more than twenty-five other religious groups perform similar ministries.

The Constant Contrasts

Good Shepherd Mission was begun in 1894. Its venerable tradition, however, is contradicted by a vitality that is very much present tense. The mission building itself is of graceful contemporary design, with watermelon-colored walls that evoke the sandstone which dominates the surrounding countryside.

The interior of the chapel exhibits an effective accommodation of Christian and Navajo symbols, with a free-standing altar centered by a vast cross. Incorporated into the cross is a central medallion composed of the Lamb—an appropriate symbol in this sheep-centered culture—and the squash blossom, a design frequently employed in Navajo silverwork.

The Staff

Members of the mission staff personify the vitality and variety of this fascinating country. Superintendent Fowler and the vicar, Father Rodriguez, are young men, full of the energy and gumption which their duties demand. Convinced that Christianity belongs to, and can be effectively related to, every culture, Father Fowler and his colleagues are keenly aware of the need to integrate Christian understanding into the Navajo culture, without undermining the integrity of the Navajos' ancient tradition.

Understanding Is Basic

Even a brief visit to Navajoland reveals, however, that the Navajo today is no stereotype. Grandmother Begay is one representative; her granddaughter Anna Mae, a teen-ager who lives at the mission during the school year and at Black Mountain in the summer months, is another; and others include those Navajo men whose office walls are lined with diplomas.

An understanding of the changing Navajo culture is basic to any attempt to perform a ministry to the Navajo people. For college volun-



The chapel of Good Shepherd Mission is the hub of a far-ranging Arizona ministry.



"If fifty children come, or if only two children come, we have Sunday school," says Deaconess Marian Brown, the devoted and cheerful missionary at the remote Sawmill outpost.

teers, this understanding is aided by an intensive, two-week orientation course that launches their stay at Good Shepherd.

The challenge of reconciling so many opposites, however, is worthwhile, as the number of applications for summer service assignments at Good Shepherd each year attests.

Measured Tempo

Window Rock, a town six miles from Fort Defiance, is the capital of the Navajo nation; here the seventy-four members of the Tribal Council meet to administer the affairs of their people. In addition to handling routine matters, they are responsible for handling the tribe's substantial income from leased mineral rights and ensuring that these funds flow into constructive projects—water development, scholarships, tourist facilities—for the benefit of the whole tribe.

The town of Window Rock is named for the area's major rock formation, a giant stone mass from the center of which time and the winds have eroded a great "window." From one side, the window opens onto the headquarters of the Tribal Council. As leaders of their people, members of the Council are generally educated, bilingual, and familiar with both the Navajo and "Anglo" worlds.

The other side of the window, however, frames a barren vista of over-

grazed hinterlands and remote regions sparsely sustained by a reluctant natural economy. The sharpness of these contrasts does not negate the fact that the balance is in favor of the future. Each year, more Navajo children are able to go to school—and each year more young Navajos return from advanced studies to turn their talents to the goals they envision for their people.

The Mission

Good Shepherd Mission also mirrors this contrast in its congregation. Its vestry is multiracial—a nine-member group which includes four Navajos, a Negro, and four "Anglos" or whites. One of the Navajo vestrymen, Howard McKinley, served on the Tribal Council for two terms; another is currently a member of the Council.

A Sunday morning service at Good Shepherd finds Navajos in garb as modern as suburbia's kneeling at the altar beside long-haired, blue-jeaned older men and their wives who wear the traditional costume. The service itself is bilingual: Howard McKinley, who has become blind in recent years, serves as translator of the English portions.

After the Good Shepherd service comes the coffee hour, which in this hot, dry climate is the Kool Aid hour as well.

Star Boarders

Another part of the Good Shepherd Mission operation is a boarding program for Navajo Episcopal children who attend the local public school. In addition, a day kindergarten for children who live within bus-riding distance is conducted by a professional staff member.

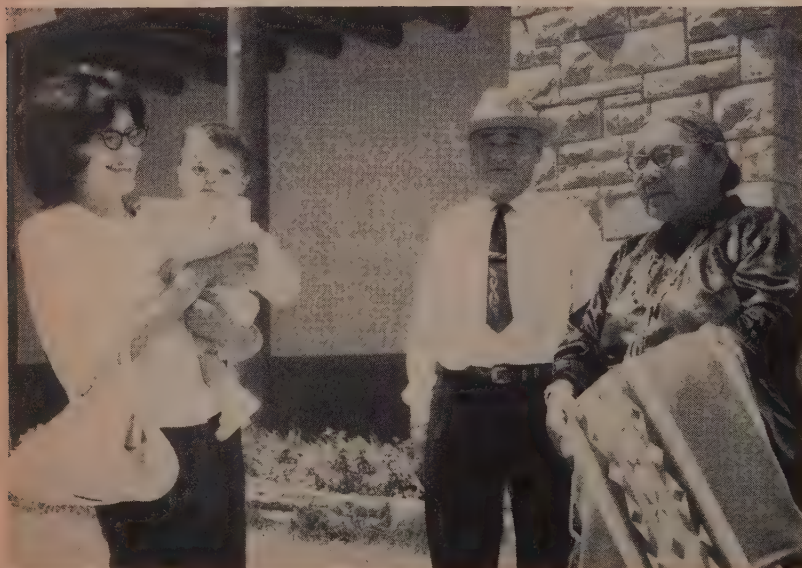
The boarding facilities represent an answer to another of the many contradictions confronting the Navajo: the desperate need for education, coupled with the fact that so many families live in remote outlands far from any school.

The Good Shepherd program, which now accommodates forty children, serves first-graders as well as high-school students. The staff includes a director of Christian education, an assistant director, four dormitory parents, two cooks, and other personnel who provide loving care, regular religious instruction, and an introduction to some aspects of "Anglo" culture. A boarding student can learn, for the first time, to sit at a table; become familiar with a wider variety of foods; develop new toilet habits; and become accustomed to other Anglo requisites. He can also begin to learn English—a vital tool for shaping his education, and for his potential role as a leader of his people.

During the school year, each child spends one week end each month in the distant log-and-mud hogan that is his real home. To encourage the child's parents to share in his "other world," the mission personnel carefully explain the student's growth and progress. The child also spends the summer months with his own family.

The Choice

The Episcopal Church does not ask the Navajo to discard his tribal culture; rather he is encouraged to grow in Christian character, to retain the many excellent facets of his Indian heritage and to prepare for responsible leadership among his people, or beyond the reservation, if he chooses. As part of its ministry, Good Shepherd Mission helps to seek out potential leadership. ◀



The Howard McKinleys, their daughter, and just-baptized grandchild are a typical family in today's Navajo world, where tradition and change meld.



FOR A SPECIAL SECTION SUMMER READING

Christian, Country Style

I had found peace in the country and God in nature. I was content. Or so I thought.

BY BARBARA WEBSTER

HAD ANYONE questioned the fact of my being a Christian some years ago, I would have been outraged. But I'm not a Buddhist, I could have said, or a Moslem, or a Jew! I was brought up an Episcopalian. I go to church every Sunday. To early service, preferably, because it's quiet, and I don't have to dress. Rather commendable, that, I thought (privately). Other people *might* go to church to hear the sermon, but more probably to display their new clothes.

I lived what I thought was a perfect life on a small farm in Pennsylvania. My husband, a writer and il-

lustrator, did most of his work at home; I contributed to our income by writing books about the country.

The only fly in our bucolic ointment was the ever-growing hustle-bustle of life today. The aim of every country-dweller is to spend as much time as possible on his place, tending it and enjoying rural peace, but that isn't the case as much as he would like. In other epochs people who lived in the country *lived in the country* without being drawn away by outside concerns, it seemed to me. Although our son was away at college, we were not as free as we had expected to be. Drawn into good causes, we rushed

around in busier circles than we had when he was a small boy. We had speaking engagements, we did church work, we were on civic committees. Things at home fell apart.

We were torn by the resulting conflict, and yearned to resolve it in such a way that neither our careers nor our convictions and personal preferences would be sacrificed. While in this quandry, I had an idea for a book which promised a temporary respite. I proposed that we retire from all outside activities for a year. During this time we would lead a quiet, contemplative country life, devoted to the demands of our neglected place and to the writing of a book about it.

Since this is the dream of practically half the world today, I knew that the idea would have great reader appeal, and it did. But I found that I couldn't lose touch entirely. I kept on with a thread of my church activi-

Continued on page 18

ties, and did not have the complete release I had counted on, only moments of "getting lost," of being a law unto myself. I wasn't pleased with this state of affairs, and I took myself to task for being weak. While I was straddling this issue, the year came to an end, neither a failure nor a success.

The book was published. Eventually the rector of our parish, a discerning young man, read it. After paying the usual compliments one gives an author, he added, "But you know, that is a very pagan book!"

I recognized this as an occupational remark. The clergy can't help it; they see everything through a stained glass window, I told myself, amused. How could I know that he was planting an idea which, like the Biblical mustard seed, would have an unprecedented growth?

This growth took almost a year. The revelation came to me during preparations for a talk at a book tea given by the women's group of a local church. I found to my intense surprise that I wouldn't be able to give my usual talk about Nature and country life. I asked myself, what is this?

A writer takes a professional interest in his mental processes. His own mind is the one he knows no matter how cleverly he may guess at those of other people. I was familiar with the way my busy subconscious, like a nest-building bird, would take a bit here, a smidgeon there, to build up a picture it would spring on me all at once. So here I was, no longer a dedicated nature lover. Why?

The first clue I unearthed went back a couple of years. A visiting

cleric had given the usual address to our woman's group about conditions in the big cities. He had spoken of the loneliness and despair among the poor, contributing to so many attendant evils, and of the need for a constructive plan to remove the causes. He had touched on the spreading cancer of slum neighborhoods, and how they could be arrested by more understanding on the part of those who usually move away on the advent of undesirables. We who dwelt in the green country could not expect to appreciate the gravity of the situation by merely contributing to welfare funds or serving on a city mission committee.

Obviously he was trying to pierce our complacency. Why did I find it so disturbing?

"Do you mean we shouldn't live in the country?" I asked the speaker after his talk was over.

"No," he said thoughtfully, "not if you don't make that an end in itself. Not if you remember that you, too, have obligations."

He put into words exactly what I didn't want to hear. We all resist that which threatens to jolt us out of a comfortable rut. I had evaded the awareness of my true state as long as I could. But now that I had dug up the knowledge, I had to face it. I suddenly realized that the real reason I went to early church was that I wanted the rest of the day free for enjoyment of the country.

The Bible tells us we cannot serve God and Mammon. We can't be on the fence; if God does not come first, then certainly Mammon does. But how to cast Nature in the role of



Mammon? The very name "Mammon" brings to mind one of the more unattractive heathen gods, while Nature means to most of us something wholesome and lovely. Consequently a nature lover is considered a pretty good sort.

Actually both assumptions have some truth. Nothing is bad in itself. It is just the use we make of it.

Only yesterday, I thought, if anyone had told me I was a pantheist, I would have said, "Why not?" Pantheism is merely being aware of God in Nature, and what is wrong with that?

"I feel closer to God in a wood, anyway," I might have added.

As though to strengthen my growing conviction, I came across a passage in a book by C. S. Lewis, *Beyond Personality*, which made the issue blindingly clear. I have sometimes wondered if that subconscious questioning which goes on unknown to us does not perhaps attract all matter relevant to it. This seemed more than mere coincidence.

He told of a talk he had given to the R.A.F. during the war. Afterwards a crusty old major had voiced disagreement about what he termed the dogmas and petty formulas of religion. For he had had a real experience with God once, he affirmed, out on the desert, and had keenly felt His presence. Beside that, everything else was unimportant.

Mr. Lewis writes that, up to a point, he agreed with the man. The experience had been thrilling. And turning from that to the Christian creed was, in a sense, going from something real to something less real. But it was also like knowing the Atlantic Ocean from its beaches—and from a map. The beach seemed more real because you could see the waves and smell the salt air. The map, of course, was only a bit of paper. But it was something else, too. It was the combined knowledge of countless people who had sailed the Atlantic, of countless experiences just as real and just as thrilling as any you could have on the beach. Then, too, if you want to go anywhere, the map is necessary.

The Christian creed is like that



map, less thrilling than a personal experience with God, yet based on the knowledge of many people who were very close to Him. And if we want to go further in our faith, we need the map.

What happened to the man on the desert may have been real, but nothing came of it. It led him nowhere. So a religion centered upon seeing God in Nature is attractive, like watching the waves from the beach.

This reasoning was conclusive, I felt. You couldn't say anything in rebuttal. And if this weren't enough, I came upon a phrase so memorable that it will stay with me always. Nature, this author says, is an anesthetic fog, and one day, face to face with our Maker, we will see it fall away into nothingness.

In real life, however, nothing is ever so clean cut as on paper. I was convinced, but I could not adjust myself to such a change of heart overnight. I had to live with it a while. It was like trying on a shoe you are not sure is a good fit. While in this tentative state I browsed through some of my favorite nature writers: Thoreau, Wordsworth, Hardy, Richard Jefferies, W. H. Hudson.

Suddenly I was amazed at the pagan sound of them. These men wrote so lovingly of wood and stream that their words fell like music upon the ears of nature lovers; yet something was lacking. Beauty alone cannot be a religion. I see that now. It can be looked at and enjoyed, but that is as far as you can go with it.

It all added up at last, and one day I knew the change was complete: I

was a new person. I gave up Nature, but got her back in a different, better way. I take as much pleasure in the country scene as before, though in a more detached fashion. I feel as close to each blade of grass and to every tree frog, but if I should ever be required to relinquish them, it will be within my power to leave their sight and sound for the rest of my life. It is really only a matter of orientation; God is Nature, but Nature can never be God.

What a simple thing, after all; yet for this knowledge I will never cease to be grateful. It is worth any struggle or sacrifice needed to obtain it. In this age of feverish materialism, the pre-eminence of one central claim gives a peace and a balance unobtainable in any other way.

This first step of mine led to others in the same direction, each more difficult than the last, but all with the same result. Sometimes I wonder why the choice must be presented again and again when I have already learned the lesson. But I have come to see that each time it is a little surer, a little more conclusive. We weak human creatures need the discipline of the choice presented not once, but many times. It is too easy for us to slip back into our old self-indulgent lives, to hope unconsciously that when our troubles are past, we may be as we were before.

I wonder, too, why I could not have accepted it all on faith. But I know now that life is given us for learning, and that we must each take his own way.

No Bright Sunbeam

Segregation and prejudice cover more than race, creed, or national origin. Here is the frank and searching experience of a person handicapped by cerebral palsy.

BY JANET TULLOCH

OFFER ME your hand in greeting, and my hand becomes a misguided missile as it yaws its way into yours. Speak to me, and my reply may jet forth as a garbled spew. Cerebral palsy not only cripples, it contorts. I, as one of its 650,000 victims in the United States, twist, writhe, and weave as my unco-ordinated muscles reach out to perform even a simple act.

As I shake and sway in front of you, we may talk of many things, you and I—of Matisse, Mozart, Michener, of your new house, or of my dancing lesson at an Arthur Murray studio. In conversation we shall momentarily forget that I am severely handicapped. Our acquaintance may ripen into friendship, or it may not. But you will have given us both opportunity to know again that relationship need not depend upon physical make-up, however slow and peculiar it may be. You will have filled me abundantly with the confidence I need as I seek to become a part of society.

You and I have helped one another to become "involved"—one of the unique demands and gifts of the Church. It includes coming into contact with all kinds of people, learning to accept them, and to face and live with their acceptance or rejection of you. For not even the Church is as yet that perfect body of loving brethren where each is accepted for his God-given talents.

My closest friends lived in an apartment hotel. Dining often with them in the main dining room was a treat [which] stopped suddenly. How difficult for dearest friends to be asked by the management not to

take me into the dining room. The full brunt of prejudice is shared by those who try to do the most for the handicapped.

People react negatively to what they do not comprehend and to what frightens them. A department store clerk who refuses to serve me as I stand at the counter, the restaurant patron who asks to be moved to a farther table where he will not have to face me—both are victims of ignorance and prejudice. We all reject one another at times—this is our humanity—but the kind of rejection I speak of here is that which is tinged with fear and revulsion, the kind of nonacceptance that cannot see a mind, a soul, or a personality through the ugliness and disability of disease.

I often wonder what kind of stigma I put on alcoholism and imbecility when my resentment arises at being mistaken for an inebriate or an idiot. They often cannot help their predicament any more than I can. My feelings are just as intolerant and un-Christian as those of the person who, through ignorance and perversity, cannot accept my cerebral palsy. It makes one think.

People need to grow used to the severely handicapped. They need to stare, and to ask questions, in order to learn and to accept.

There is always a decision to be made when young children sit near me in church. [If] I continue to sing and pray aloud, it may cause harder stares and even tears, but perhaps it would be more disastrous if they saw me not participating in worship. The ability to praise God is the important

factor to be communicated here.

I, as many of the handicapped, am too sensitive to slights, and need very much to learn, within a basically loving fellowship, to live with the thoughtlessness of others, as well as with their occasional great affection. It is true that many disabled persons develop grudges—unnecessary ones. On the other hand, not every person can be a bright little sunbeam smiling his way through a life of adversity.

I tend to be impatient and to analyze relationships too much. I try to weigh acceptance and rejection on a scale, as if there were ever a true balance in any situation. It is good to be observant, but it can cause one to miss the true value of a relationship.

The handicapped must learn their responsibility as they launch into society. They must be aware that attitudes of acceptance and rejection are often prompted by their own attitudes toward people. For instance, the person who will not take the time or patience to listen to halting C.P. speech is, admittedly, a very frustrating character to deal with, and he often covers his own bewilderment and guilt by not trying to understand. A forgiving type of perseverance on the part of the C.P.—a nod, a smile, a handshake—can often destroy barriers of fear and apprehension on both sides, until the C.P. is calm enough to be understood and the listener has a relaxed ear of acceptance.

Other moments of boredom and feelings of uselessness are to come, perhaps even more intensively. Acceptance of future dependency and abundant leisure is not going to be easy. I will grope and rebel as I seek new outlets. But groping and rebelling are not sinful, I have learned. They are manifestations of man's humanity. I accept them with pride.

Many of us still need to learn the real meanings of failure and how to live with success. Good Fridays happen every day, and Easter Mornings are sometimes too subtle for our myopic minds.

Many people, particularly professionals in the field, may not agree

with some of my attitudes toward my handicap. I have not completely learned to live with my cerebral palsied condition, either physically or psychologically.

I have great need for the supporting, saving grace found within the Church. Through this, not only have I become more of a person, but I have learned at last to look beyond my own narrow confines to see and share the suffering and joy of other people.

This is complete rehabilitation: to accept oneself and be acceptable in a nonhandicapped society; to widen participation and interest in community affairs, meeting the limitations involved therein; and, best of all, to be aware of the limitations of others.

What Does the Church Say?

Does the Christian faith have anything to say to the handicapped, or to their families?

If God is a kind of Santa Claus, a benevolent old man to whom people can turn when all else fails, and who will see that everything comes out all right, this says very little to a person who is blind or palsied or maimed.

Nor is it very much comfort to those who love such a person. The anguished cry, "Why did this happen to me!", reflects the despair of those who feel that God exists to insure human happiness on human terms. If we assume, as many implicitly do, that our ideas of what is good and desirable are, of course, also God's ideas, it becomes very difficult to explain many things in the universe.

What *can* help? If the voice of the Church is heard urging the handicapped on to greater efforts to be brave or to be good, or holding out what honest people know to be false hopes of physical relief, is there any gospel in these?

Such a question makes obvious the fact that much which passes for Christianity today is not the real thing at all. It is simply humanism, or a kind of worldly utopianism, with sanctimonious overtones. Real Christianity, the faith of the Bible and history, is a very different thing.

For most of us, to enter into an understanding of the Christian gospel requires a complete revolution in our way of thinking. We take for granted that the world which we know and cherish, the things which we find good and desirable, the life which we live and enjoy are, of course, the best possible, and are what God meant and wants for His creatures. It is our most persistent and deepest sin that we put ourselves, as individuals or races or nations or mankind, at the center of the universe. However much we pay lip service to God and His will, we really expect Him to serve us and our ends.

Yet all of the Bible and Christian teaching say just the opposite. This is God's universe. He made it. He has a plan and a purpose for it. He is in control. And victory from God's standpoint may very well lie in human tragedy and failure.

This, surely, is one of the lessons of the Incarnation. If ever there was a man who deserved honor and success and the love of His fellows, it was Jesus of Nazareth. And what

happened? He was, as we know, feared and hated and finally put to a cruel death, deserted even by those nearest and dearest to Him.

What is God saying to us in this? He is saying, among other things, that in His plans for us, happiness and comfort and success and freedom from suffering are not the most important ends to be sought. Trust and obedience come first. "Not my will, but thine, be done."

Nor is this just an other-worldly kind of resignation, a belief that suffering in this life will be requited by joy in the hereafter. It suggests that the way in which suffering is accepted and borne may have a positive value here and now.

Is it any wonder that modern people, believing deeply that man is the center of the universe, and able to conquer it for his own ends, are confused and often in despair as they face the deep mysteries of existence? It is to their despair and confusion that the gospel can speak. For Christian faith does not say that all is well, or that some day man is going to achieve utopia, or that life is a grim, meaningless struggle. It says, very simply, that God cares.

What, then, does the Christian faith say to the handicapped? Simply that God made you and God loves you. God understands your suffering and will forgive your rebellion against it. If you can learn to love and trust Him, it may make it easier to bear. He is a good God, and we can be sure that sometime, somehow, you will see meaning in all that you have had to endure. In the meantime, all of us who claim to be His followers must learn also to love and trust Him, and to express our love through our relationships to one another—regardless of outward circumstances.

The Church, if it is to be truly God's Church, must be a haven for the lonely, the discouraged, the handicapped, the sick at heart, in mind, and of soul. It must be the one place where they can be sure of finding friendship, understanding, dignity—and hope. ◀





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The shirt of the happy man

A KING had an only son who was the very apple of his eye. But this prince was always sad and unhappy. He spent day after day alone on the balcony gazing idly into space.

"Is something bothering you?" the King would ask. "What is the matter, my son?"

And the son would reply: "I don't know. I don't know, myself, father."

"Are you in love? If it is a girl, tell me, and I will let you marry her whether she is the daughter of the most powerful King in the world or the poorest farm girl there is!"

"No, father, I am not in love."

The King tried everything possible to distract and amuse his son: the theatre, balls, music, songs. But nothing worked, and day by day the Prince grew paler and paler.

The King then sent for the most learned men in the world, including philosophers, doctors, and professors. He took them to see the Prince and asked their advice. After consulting one another, they told him: "Your Majesty, what you must do is find a happy man, one who is completely happy, and exchange your son's shirt for his." That same day the King sent his ambassadors all over the world to find a happy man.

A clergyman was sent to him: "Are you happy?" the King asked.

"Yes, your Majesty, I certainly am!"

"Fine. Then would you like to become my Bishop?"

"Oh, your Majesty, would to God it were so!"

"Get out!" the King shouted. "Get out of here! I am looking for a man who is happy and contented with what he has, not for someone who wants to better himself."

So the King continued looking. He was told there was a neighboring King who was a very happy and contented man. He had a good and beautiful wife and a heap of children; he had conquered all his enemies in battle; and his country was now at peace. Full of hope, the King sent his ambassadors there to ask him for his shirt.

The neighboring King received the ambassadors. "Yes," he said, "it is true that nothing is missing in my life. Only it is a pity that when one has everything he must die and leave it all! This thought bothers me so much that it keeps me awake all night!" When the ambassadors heard this lament, they thought it best to forget about asking him for his shirt, and they left.

One day, to ease his troubled mind a little, the King went out hunting. He shot at a hare, but only wounded it slightly, and the hare got away. The King stayed behind while the rest of the hunting party went on ahead into the woods. Alone in the middle of the field, he heard the voice of a man singing a merry song. He thought: "Whoever sings like that must surely be a happy man!" So he followed the sound of the voice and it led him into a vineyard where he saw a young man gathering grapes and singing merrily.

"Good day, Your Majesty," the young man said when he saw the

King approaching. "Out in the country so early in the morning!"

"God bless you, my boy," said the King. "Would you like to come with me to the capital? I will make you my friend."

"Thank you, Your Majesty, but I wouldn't think of it. In fact, I wouldn't change places with the Pope himself!"

"And why not? You are such a fine handsome young man. . . ."

"Thanks again, but I am happy and contented here, and that's enough for me."

"Ah, at last," the King said to himself, "at last I have found a truly and completely happy man!" Then he turned to the young man and said: "Listen, will you do me a favor?"

"If I can, Your Majesty, I will do so with all my heart."

"Then wait here just a moment," the King said, and he hurried off to call the other members of his hunting party. "Come quickly!" he shouted to them. "Come quickly! My son is saved." And he led them to the young man. "God bless you, my good man," he said. "Now I will give you everything, everything you want! But first I want you to give me, give me. . . ."

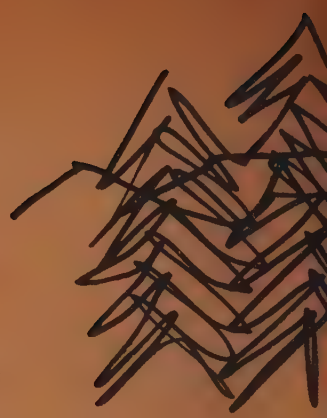
"What is it that you want, Your Majesty?"

"My son is dying, and only you can save him. Come here . . . Wait!" and he grabbed hold of him excitedly and began to unbutton his jacket. All of a sudden, he stopped. His arms went limp. The happy man had no shirt.

DOUBTS ABOUT GOD

Do you sometimes wonder about your faith in God? Do you ever try to prove to yourself—or others—that God exists? If so, here are some helpful thoughts.

BY LOUIS CASSELS



I BELIEVE in God. . . .”

Those are the opening words of the Apostles' Creed. They are recited each Sunday by millions of church members. Many of them would feel more honest, however, if they were saying: “I *want* to believe in God. . . .”

If you are one of the church members who can't recite the Creed without mentally crossing your fingers, it may comfort you to know that a sincere desire to believe in God is nearly always accompanied, initially, by a strong doubt as to whether He really exists. The more deeply you sense your need for God, the more likely you are to fear that He is too good to be true.

If you don't care a great deal about God one way or the other, you can settle for an easy “faith” which is actually only a complacent credulity, and which can be maintained only by carefully insulating it from the part of your mind where serious thinking takes place. Or you can embrace a facile skepticism which dismisses God as a superstition rendered obsolete by “science.” The latter viewpoint is fully as naïve as the former, and also can be maintained only by a rigorous avoidance of honest, open-minded thought.

How Do You Know God Exists?

Perhaps, however, you find yourself dissatisfied with both of those alternatives. Your problem is just the opposite of indifference. You cannot be content with a hypothesis on something as important as this. You want to know *for sure*. And so you may be asking, as millions have:

Can the reality of God be proved?

To give you a straight and unequivocal answer at once, *it can*.

But you can only prove it to yourself. No one can prove it to you. There are many logical arguments which may lead you to the belief that God is a reasonable probability, but the only proof which can finally resolve your doubts is to experience His reality for yourself. You can do this if you really wish. That is what Jesus meant when He said, “Seek and ye shall find.” No promise in Scripture has been more abundantly confirmed by the experience of Christians of all ages, including the present.

You may be tempted to shrug off what was said in the foregoing paragraph as “too subjective.” Most of us have been heavily indoctrinated with the notion that anything which is really true must be demonstrable by objective means. This is supposed to be a “scientific” attitude, and non-scientists, at least, accept it quite uncritically. But, as one of America's noted space scientists, Dr. Hugh L. Dryden, has pointed out, the objective proofs of science can lead only to a “partial and narrow view of life.” There are limits beyond which reason cannot take us, particularly when we are dealing with ultimate purposes and values.

I have labored this point not to belittle science or rational thought, for both of which I have a profound respect, but simply because I want to steer you away from a blind alley in which I wandered for a good many years. You can save yourself a lot of time and mental agony by

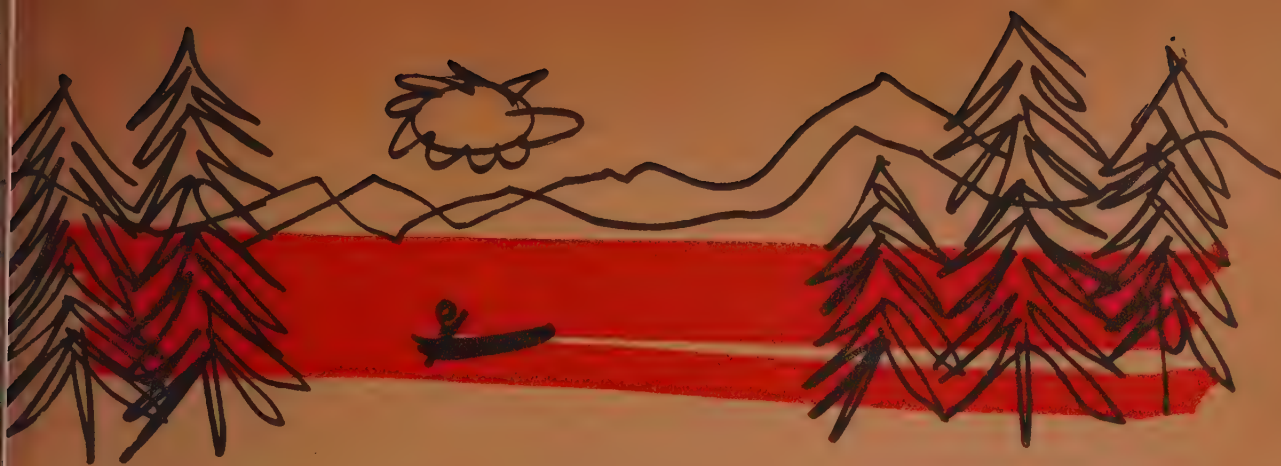
recognizing at the outset that you cannot reason your way to a belief in God as a loving Father in heaven.

The Best That Rational Thought Can Do

The best that rational thought can do for you is to lead you to a belief in some kind of Supreme Being. Many people have the mistaken idea that even this conviction can be reached only through “faith”—and by faith, they generally mean a willingness to believe something illogical. But it really doesn't take “faith”—or credulity—to affirm the necessity for a Creator. All of science is based on the premise that every effect has a cause, and there is no stronger intuition of the human intellect than that which affirms that there had to be a First Cause.

Whether you call this creative force “the Ground of Being,” as theologian Paul Tillich likes to do, or whether you prefer to use the word “God,” belief in its existence is not an act of faith. It is merely a logical hypothesis, drawn from the clear evidence of a universe which you cannot conceive of as self-starting.

There are other purely rational grounds for affirming what a logician might call the “God postulate.” There is in our universe an order, pattern, design—call it what you will—that is intelligible to our minds. All science—indeed, every routine act of our daily lives—is based on this fact. Even if it were somehow possible to dispense with the need for a First Cause, reason would still tell us that it is improbable to a



degree which can be expressed only by fantastic mathematical odds that sheer chance should have achieved the intricate structure and coherent organization which we find in a single protein molecule, let alone the whole universe.

Your Moral Sense Is Proof

Many thoughtful people, including such disparate minds as C. S. Lewis and Carl Jung, have found persuasive evidence of a Supreme Being in the "moral sense" which is deeply implanted in human beings, and which has been present in every people, age, and culture known to history or anthropology. Attempts to explain away the moral sense as a rationalization of the conduct which man pursues for reasons of self-preservation collapse in the face of the fact that the imperative "ought" which men have felt in their breasts from the dawn of time quite often is directly contrary, not only to what they *want* to do, but even to their immediate self-interests.

More recently, the great Viennese psychiatrist, Dr. Viktor Frankl, founder of the new school of "logotherapy," has concluded that one of the most basic of all human needs, driving men at least as strongly as sex or hunger, is the "will for meaning." Man can endure almost any suffering, says Dr. Frankl, if he can see a purpose or meaning in it. Conversely, he will be miserable even amidst great luxury if he cannot relate his life to some larger context which makes it meaningful. It seems to me that what Dr. Frankl is saying—and I believe he would readily

agree to this—is the same thing that St. Augustine said more than a thousand years ago:

"Thou hast made us for thyself, O God, and our hearts are restless until we find rest in thee."

Why Is God Called "He"?

Let's pause here for a moment and cope with a problem in semantics. It can be very annoying to find that the author has suddenly shifted from impersonal to personal pronouns in his references to God. One minute he's using language acceptable to any rationalist, such as "Ground of Being" or "First Cause," and the next he's referring to a Deity who is addressed as a person with "thee" and "thy."

I'm aware that this trick can be and sometimes is used to slip in suppositions about God for which *no* evidence has been presented. But it would be even worse, I think, to avoid the difficulty by referring to God in neutral and impersonal terms. It is certainly true, as Karl Barth insists, that God is "wholly other" than man, and any concept of God as a sort of benign grandfather sitting on a cloud "somewhere out there" is untenable, even for a little child, in space age. The Author of time and space obviously is not imprisoned in or conditioned by them as we are. To use an old theological term, God "transcends" all of the categories by which human minds delimit and define objects. But when all of this is said, it still comes more naturally to speak of God as "He" rather than as "It." More than

habit is involved in the preference.

We use personal pronouns to refer to God because we have found personality—the attributes of living, thinking, purposeful beings—the highest and most complex phenomenon in the created universe which is open to our rational observation. God, as the Ground of all being, is infinitely *more* than we can conceive when we try to project personhood to the ultimate degree. He certainly is not *less* than a living person. Therefore, we refer to God as "He" not because we hold any anthropomorphic concept of Him, but because it is the least inadequate pronoun we possess.

How Do You Know God Cares?

This is about as far as reason will take us in formulating an idea of God. And it is a country mile from the Christian concept of a loving Father. If we are honest about it, we cannot claim to find in the world around us any compelling rational proof that the Creator is benignly disposed toward His creatures. There is beauty, truth, goodness, and happiness in God's world, to be sure. But we also find ugliness, falsehood, evil, and pain. The point here is that an honest person, looking with open eyes at the world in which we live, may see in it no persuasive evidence that an all-powerful Being is watching with tender love over every one of His creatures.

This is where faith finally comes into the picture. Our *only* warrant for believing that God *cares* is that He has communicated this fact to us.

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Doubts about God

It is the key fact about Himself which He has chosen to reveal to us, and it is the most comforting fact imaginable.

Faith is the faculty by which we apprehend the all-important message that God loves us. It is as hard to describe faith to someone who has not experienced it as it would be to describe the sense of smell to someone who was born without olfactory nerves. Faith is somewhat akin to intuitive reason, in the sense that it yields firm conclusions without necessarily tracing the logical steps which lead to them. But faith is much more than intuition. In the words of Karl Barth, "it is quite basically a most intensive, strict, and certain knowledge."

"Compared with it," says Barth, "even what is supposedly the most

certain knowledge on our side of the human boundary can only be esteemed a hypothesis."

A Different Sort of Evidence

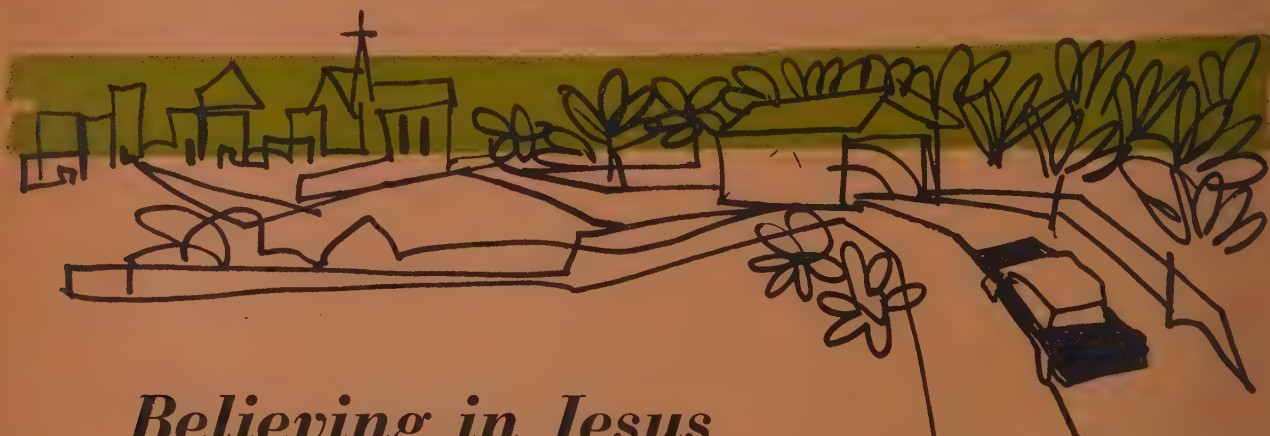
A great Scottish theologian, Dr. John Baillie, says that faith is a "primary mode of apprehending reality," as basic and natural as the physical senses of sight, touch, and hearing. It is therefore "self-authenticating."

"Faith does not mean believing without evidence," says Dr. Baillie. "It means believing in realities that go beyond sense and sight—for which a totally different sort of evidence is required."

Many people confuse faith in God with acceptance of certain propositions about God. There is a relationship between the two: faith in God leads inevitably toward certain beliefs about Him, and the belief that

He exists and answers prayers is certainly a leg up on the ladder toward real faith in Him. But it is important to remember that the dynamic thing called faith, which has been experienced within the Christian community for two thousand years, has never been merely a matter of believing that certain things are true. Nor is it something which man achieved by his own struggles. From St. Paul to Karl Barth, the universal testimony of the Christian community has been that faith is a gift which God freely bestows upon those who sincerely ask for it. It is a sixth sense, as it were, which enables us to hear the Word which God speaks to His human creatures.

Once you have heard that Word clearly, you will *know* that God is, and that He is all that really matters. ◀



Believing in Jesus

BY LOUIS CASSELS

NEARLY two thousand years ago, a child named Jesus was born into a carpenter's family in an obscure village in Palestine. He spent a normal boyhood, and attracted no particular attention until He was about thirty years old. Then He set forth to become an itinerant preacher—not an unusual thing in those days. He soon acquired a large following. But many of those who flocked to Him were drawn by reports that He could heal the sick, rather than by His teachings.

After a comparatively brief ca-

reer, no more than three years and perhaps less than a year, He went to the capital city of Jerusalem, where His growing popularity caused great concern to respectable religious leaders. Regarding Him as a menace to community order, they arrested Him, tried Him on trumped-up charges, and persuaded a weak-kneed Roman governor to impose the death sentence on Him. He was executed by crucifixion, an agonizing and humiliating death reserved for the lowest kind of criminals and traitors. His followers scattered in terror,

denying that they had ever known Him.

By all the laws of logic, this Jesus of Nazareth should have been quickly forgotten, even in His own country.

Instead, He became the best-known person who has ever lived on earth. Twenty centuries after His ignominious death on a hill outside Jerusalem, His name is revered by men of every race and nationality in every corner of the globe. All events are dated from the time of His birth. The cross on which He died is displayed from a million churches as a symbol of victory and hope.

Who was He? How do you account for His incredible impact on human history?

How Could the Word Become Flesh?

The Christian Church has a shocking answer to these questions. Theologians call it the doctrine of the Incarnation. The name is derived from the Latin words *in carnis* meaning "in the flesh."

Throughout its history, the Church has had to struggle against a tendency among pious people to oversimplify this most basic of its doctrines. Even today, there are many church members who think they are giving a highly orthodox answer when they define the Incarnation solely in terms of "The Divinity of Christ." But this is really heresy, and was so branded by the early Church.

What the Incarnation actually affirms is that the man Jesus of Nazareth, who was known to His disciples as a fully human person, sharing the limitations and temptations of ordinary men, was also in a unique sense the self-expression of God.

One of the earliest attempts to put this belief into words is found in the first chapter of the Gospel according to St. John:

"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God . . . and the Word became flesh and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth."

This language may be more confusing than enlightening to modern readers.

Here is a modern parable about the Incarnation which has proved helpful to many people:

Once upon a time, there was a man who looked upon Christmas as a lot of humbug.

He wasn't a Scrooge. He was a very kind and decent person, generous to his family, upright in all of his dealings with other men.

But he didn't believe all that stuff about an Incarnation which churches proclaim at Christmas. And he was too honest to pretend that he did.

"I am truly sorry to distress you," he told his wife, who was a faithful

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THE ROCK

*The Eagle soars in the summit of Heaven,
The Hunter with his dogs pursues his circuit,
O perpetual revolution of configured stars,
O perpetual recurrence of determined seasons,
O world of spring and autumn, birth and dying!
The endless cycle of idea and action,
Endless invention, endless experiment,
Brings knowledge of motion, but not of stillness;
Knowledge of speech, but not of silence;
Knowledge of words, and ignorance of the Word.
All our knowledge brings us nearer to our ignorance,
All our ignorance brings us nearer to death,
But nearness to death no nearer to GOD.
Where is the Life we have lost in living?
Where is the wisdom we have lost in knowledge?
Where is the knowledge we have lost in information?
The cycles of Heaven in twenty centuries
Bring us farther from God and nearer to the Dust.*

*I journeyed to London, to the timekept City,
Where the River flows, with foreign flotations.
There I was told: we have too many churches,
And too few chop-houses. There I was told:
Let the vicars retire. Men do not need the Church
In the place where they work, but where they spend their Sundays.
In the City, we need no bells:
Let them waken the suburbs.
I journeyed to the suburbs, and there I was told:
We toil for six days, on the seventh we must motor
To Hindhead, or Maidenhead.
If the weather is foul we stay at home and read the papers.
In industrial districts, there I was told
Of economic laws.
In the pleasant countryside, there it seemed
That the country now is only fit for picnics.
And the Church does not seem to be wanted
In country or in suburbs; and in the town
Only for important weddings.*

—T. S. ELIOT

From "Choruses from 'The Rock'" in *Collected Poems 1909-1962* by T. S. Eliot, copyright, 1936, by Harcourt, Brace & World Inc.; © 1963, 1964, by T. S. Eliot. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

Believing in Jesus

churchgoer. "But I simply cannot understand this claim that God became man. It doesn't make any sense to me."

On Christmas Eve, his wife and children went to church for the midnight service. He declined to accompany them.

"I'd feel like a hypocrite," he explained. "I'd much rather stay at home. But I'll wait up for you."

Shortly after his family drove away in the car, snow began to fall. He went to the window and watched the flurries getting heavier and heavier.

"If we must have Christmas," he reflected, "It's nice to have a white one."

He went back to his chair by the fireside and began to read his newspaper.

A few minutes later, he was startled by a thudding sound. It was quickly followed by another, then another. He thought that someone must be throwing snowballs at his living-room window.

When he went to the front door to investigate, he found a flock of birds huddled miserably in the snow. They had been caught in the storm, and in a desperate search for shelter had tried to fly through his window.

"I can't let these poor creatures lie there and freeze," he thought. "But how can I help them?"

Then he remembered the barn where the children's pony was

stabled. It would provide a warm shelter.

He quickly put on his coat and galoshes and tramped through the deepening snow to the barn. He opened the doors wide and turned on a light.

But the birds didn't come in.

"Food will bring them in," he thought. So he hurried back to the house for bread crumbs, which he sprinkled on the snow to make a trail into the barn.

To his dismay, the birds ignored the bread crumbs and continued to flop around helplessly in the snow.

He tried shooing them into the barn by walking around and waving his arms. They scattered in every direction—except into the warm, lighted barn.

"They find me a strange and terrifying creature," he said to himself, "and I can't seem to think of any way to let them know they can trust me."

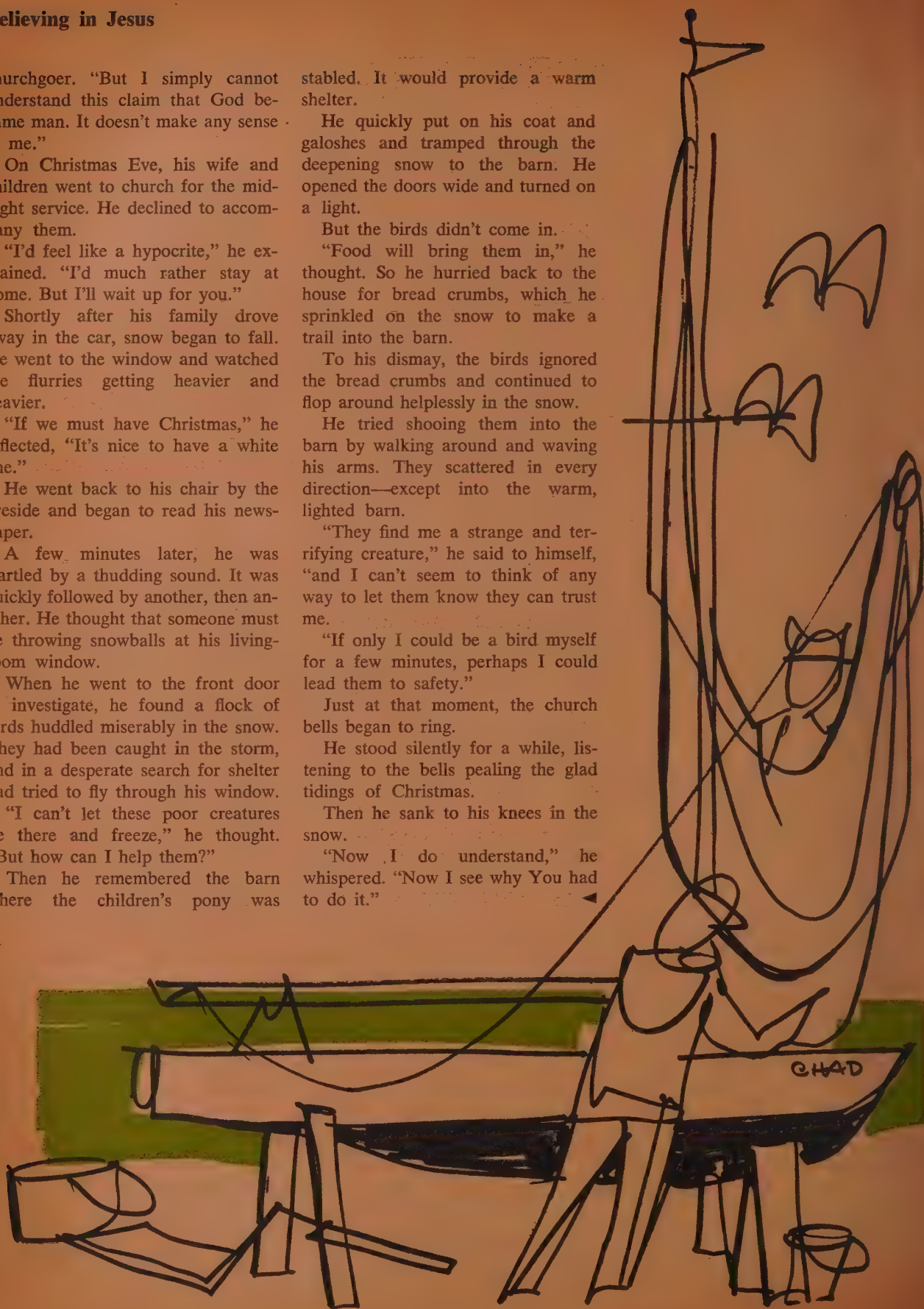
"If only I could be a bird myself for a few minutes, perhaps I could lead them to safety."

Just at that moment, the church bells began to ring.

He stood silently for a while, listening to the bells pealing the glad tidings of Christmas.

Then he sank to his knees in the snow.

"Now I do understand," he whispered. "Now I see why You had to do it."



Countdown for Baptism

*In heaven their angels do always behold the face of my
Father which is in heaven.—MATTHEW 18:10*

Guardian Angel XLNT/75175275-3755/ Earth Commission/bptsm/-nfnt commentating from Mudscombe-on-Wherry. Infant baptism beginning in ten minutes. Countdown about to begin. *Ten!*

Parents, godparents, family, friends arriving at church for morning service. Auntie who is godparent carrying nameless infant. Godparents have just been informed that in the Methodist service they have nothing to say. Two register relief, one (president of the local Cricket Club) disappointment. *Memo:* Give them strong thoughts to send letters and presents to child, not on birthday, but on anniversary of baptism, to remind child of importance of what happened.

Mother radiant in new dress. Father uncomfortable in new suit. Mother's thoughts a mixture of *anxiety* about Sunday dinner left in charge of neighbor, wishing minister had agreed to afternoon service; *pleasure* at being the deserving center of public attention, with nice people around her; *longing* that baby will be as well-behaved as he is well-dressed; *prayer* that whatever ought to happen at this service will happen properly. *Nine!*

Father's thoughts a mixture of bewilderment, unfamiliarity, desire to do his best for the boy, pride (not the devil's kind), passive acceptance of the situation; vague turning to heaven for a friendly wave.

They have all entered the church. Steward (with three angels in attendance) has shown them to their seats. All settled, a few of the party obviously at home in a house of worship, others trying to look at home but finding the narrow pews most awkward, others openly curious, others slightly embarrassed, but

determined not to let anyone down. *Attention above!* Second pew from back, third from right, needs special help. Lost own child in infancy. Support at once, please. *Eight!*

Parents now thinking of promises they will have to make, and remembering conversation with minister. He made it sound difficult, if not impossible. They almost decided not to come, but it still seemed the right thing to do. They realize something of the importance of home atmosphere. Are sorry for last Thursday's fallout over who invited for christening tea. Each prepared to face thought that they ought soon to start family prayers, and wondering how to. Both thinking that somehow their own lives ought to be nearer to our blessed God, but doubtful if they could really fit regular Sunday worship into pattern of life.

Sudden new realization of responsibilities as parents. Both thinking of the one obviously Christian family which they know intimately and respect, and deciding to try again to read that book they were lent on bringing up children. *Seven!*

Congregation still coming in. Noise a bit like station before arrival of train. Prayer ascending, baby not forgotten. Some members of congregation fingering Service of Holy Baptism. One is even looking at the promise the congregation will be called on to make, and working out that while the responsibility in the Church of England is in the hands of godparents, in this service the whole congregation is committed to caring for the child as he grows.

Parents in the congregation wishing the church would find ways of helping them to do their job better, and not simply take it out of their hands. Sunday-school superintendent wishing the Sunday school were

more a part of the life of the church, and that church members took more active interest. Day-school teacher wondering how far the day school has a responsibility to help baptized children to grow up in Christian things. Cradle-roll secretary sitting by parents, ready to stand with them at the communion rail and to visit them while the child is too young for Sunday school, wishing she had children of her own. *Attention above!* Can anything be done? *Six!*

Minister enters pulpit. Would send up proper prayer, but talking in choir is so distracting. Glances at child and parents. Smiles. Wishes he had found more time to give them, and that they had not been so engrossed in Telly on the two occasions when he called. Remembers that what he will say and do in this service will be the words and deeds of God Himself, in whose three-fold name he will receive the child. Has three of his own, so not too anxious about the skill of his arms or the strength of the baby's lungs.

Congregation now singing the first hymn. *The moment will soon be here.* Only the organist has her eyes glued to the hymnbook. Other eyes wander to baby, and to the specially attractive aunt. *Five!*

The service begins with the promise and the warning of our God, blessed by angels forever. The words of the Lord are read, giving authority to Baptism, and to the receiving of children in His name. The pattern is familiar to many members of the congregation. Some are reminded of their own baptism. Some even know when it was and where it was. They wonder whether they have given it enough attention in their thoughts. They wonder how the warfare has gone since they were first enrolled as soldiers of Christ. They have the thought that this baptism is welcoming the child into the fellowship of Christ's people. They are glad that this child is coming into the environment of Christian influence, the environment which is God Himself. They are moved to think that the family of God has children in it. *Four!*

The young man in uniform, on
Continued on page 30

Countdown for Baptism

leave from the Royal Air Force in which he does experimental work on rockets, pricks up his ears. He has heard the minister say of the child that God "*will give unto him the Holy Spirit.*" This young man has had the experience of sudden conversion. It is a startling thing to him that a child may receive the Holy Spirit. But after all, he thinks, this is what the congregation is praying for, and what God has promised to give to those who ask. Is not the Holy Spirit God at work within? Who can say He is not working within this child, who is being received into the fellowship of the Holy Spirit? Is this, he asks himself, the start which Baptism gives? He is thinking of the take-off of planes from the narrow decks of ships, and how special rockets help them to get off to a good start. Is the take-off of this child to be "jet-assisted"? He smiles a smile of discovery, and his fiancée next to him wonders why. *Three!*

Now the minister addresses the parents. Once again, they catch a glimpse of what they are doing. Their child is God's. They have come to say so. They are to look after him for God. They will hand him to the minister, and receive him back as from the hands of God. *The moment is not far off.* They dare not be possessive about him, now or in the future. Their greatest happiness will be to see him gradually, and then perhaps suddenly, living a life of his own. Their biggest task is to help him to stand on his own feet, and reach maturity and free-

dom. The lady in the corner thinks of her teen-age daughter, and realizes that she has been trying to run her life for her, with conspicuous lack of success. The mother of the infant hears the congregation make its solemn promise, and is suddenly glad that there is a congregation here. *Two!*

As the parents and congregation make their promises, some have their eyes fixed on the font, and are hoping that the water is not too cold. I can sense a certain bewilderment about the use of water. Two of the congregation who are Baptists by conviction suddenly remember the solemn and moving moment when after confessing their Christian faith they were lowered under the water and lifted up again. They remember the Scripture that only by dying with Christ in Baptism and rising with Him into newness of life can a human being belong to God. The parents remember the minister saying that the sign of the cross made by his finger on the child's forehead stands for the death of Christ for his sake, and the dying to self and living to God which will be the stamp and meaning of the rest of his life. The lay preacher in the congregation suddenly decides that he must stop the drift in his preaching, and begin all over again to proclaim the new life in Christ. *One!*

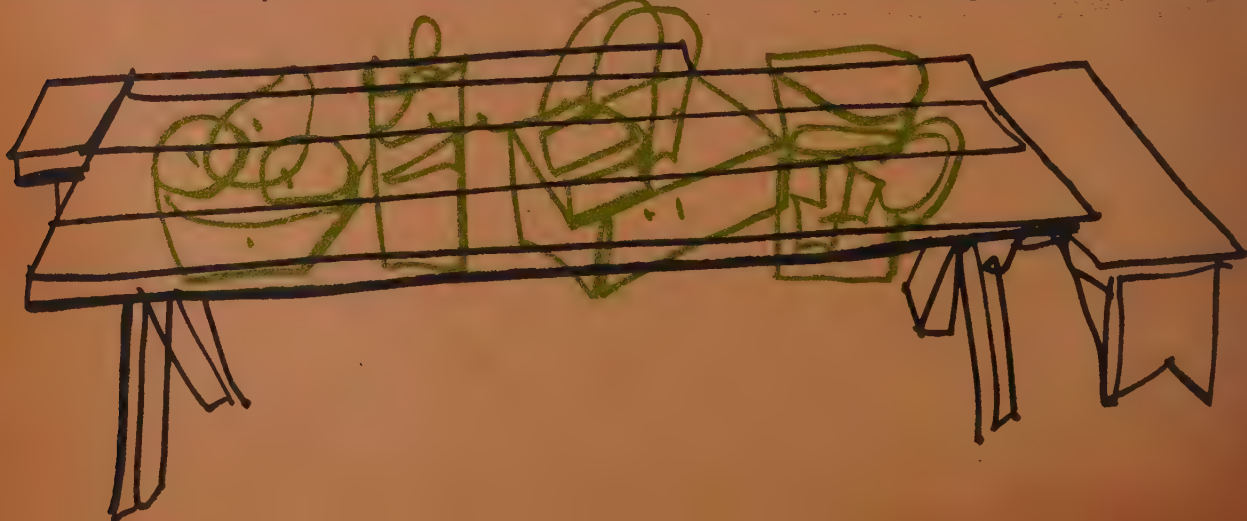
Child awake, and looking around. A strange place. A new sense of space. New smells and sounds. These are not the familiar arms. Would it be appropriate to cry? *Mark that child, angels of heaven!*

He knows nothing. He understands nothing. He makes no response. One day this service will find its fulfillment in his own personal response of faith and obedience. But now he has no faith of his own. This is what these humans mean by "grace." Our blessed God made this child, in love, and sent our gracious Lord to live and die for this child, in love. This helpless parcel of body and mind makes no contribution to this solemn sacrament, except to be here. God does all. Let him cry if he wants to. God desires his freedom, and stamps him with the mark of delivery from slavery.

Stand by! All heaven keep silence! *The great moment is upon us.* The minister is taking the infant into his arms. *Look.* He asks its name. *Listen.* John! Registrar in the fourth heaven, be alert. Mark it down. The name is familiar, but the child is unique. God will know this person by the name of John. This is his Christian name, sign of his Christian beginning, given in prayer and baptism. May it ever remind him that he has been washed by the waters of baptism, ever to say No to all God's enemies, and Yes to God's invading and transforming mercy.

Quiet! Quiet! The name is being repeated by the minister. The hush of heaven is echoed in the hush of this congregation. The hand of the minister is in the font. *See the hand of God.* Water is brought to John's forehead. *It is the water of baptism.*

Glory be to God for *Zero Hour!* John is baptized!



Monasticism and Mid-Century Man

BY A SISTER OF THE COMMUNITY OF ST. MARY

FOR REASONS that remain obscure, monasticism is a current vehicle for whimsy. Improbably freckle-faced friars cavort in syndicated cartoons. Ceramic nuns strike baseball poses across the counters of the five-and-dime. Broadway musicals and Hollywood films offer distortions ranging from riotous to grim.

The misconceptions sown by such films and cartoons, however, complicate the job of communicating monasticism's witness to the world. And without such witness, the monastic life becomes the private province of an antiquarian and precious piousness.

Surely persons who have calmly signed over their lives in an unequivocal assertion of faith in God must have something to say to men whose faith in man is crumbling. Father Gerald Vann suggests that a world with a sense of sin, but without a sense of God, confronts religion which has a sense of God, but lacks a sense of sin. So divided against itself, the Western world quakes to find itself ringed with revolution wrought by men with a sense of neither sin nor God, but only of what they want—now.

Monasticism converted barbarian hordes to men of faith and culture when the Roman empire lay in dust. What does it offer now?

First, the essential tools of the monastic life, as originally conceived,

apply to contemporary Christian living generally.

At its inception, monasticism was regarded not as an exceptional way of life for the few, but as one application among others of the vows made by every Christian at his baptism. The threefold gospel counsels to be poor, to be pure, and to be obedient were regarded as nothing more nor less than emphatic affirmations of the baptismal renunciations of the world, the flesh, and the devil. Organized asceticism was regarded as a powerful reminder that these universal principles apply to all within the Christian community.

Tragically, monasticism became instead the ax stroke which split the Christian ethos into "binding" and "optional." This fallacious and damaging duality prompted Protestant Reformers in the sixteenth century to abolish the distinction between the high ideals of the three counsels and the minimal requirements for salvation. Far from upgrading Christian practice, however, they only succeeded in lowering popular aim.

Monastics must, therefore, reassert in unmistakable terms that Christian vocation is a single call—to holiness, whether one is a cloistered nun or a showgirl; to sanctity, whether one is a monk or an airlines pilot; to perfection in Christ, whether one is a missionary priest or a plumber. Monks have no monopoly

on holiness, but they may well be the few Christians left who can witness effectively to the means of attaining it—by re-integrating and making whole again the souls fragmented by the "soul-schism" of the twentieth century.

Second, monastics must insist that some measure of withdrawal, an important tool of their life, is necessary to every Christian vocation. An unquestioning acceptance of the godless world's standards is a luxury the threatened Christian community can no longer afford.

Christians must be serpent-wise in rejecting the shoddy products, the useless gadgets, and conspicuously expensive baubles. They must turn thumbs down on low-denominator entertainment and high-stimulation reading matter. They must question closely the capsule clichés and comforting conventions. They must beware of slick news weeklies whose libelous knife-thrusts are so skillful that not even the victim's lawyer can spot blood. The world may still hope if a few Christians can manage to retain a total vision, their critical faculties unimpaired by intellectual indolence, habitual gluttony, and a fearful conservatism.

Withdrawal, of course, is not entirely a matter of negation. One must withdraw to something, and that something is God, in prayer. Monasticism suggests that Christians adopt rules of life calling for regular quiet and meditation, for regular retreats, and reception of the sacraments. Only so can Christians seek and find, know and live, that Reality at the heart of existence.

Next, the monastic should commend to Christians the two interacting devices, commitment and community. Only the freely surrendered wills of free men make community possible; only true community supports frail humans when their commitment flags. For secular Christians, the family and the parish must provide community. We may hope

Continued on page 32

Monasticism and Mid-Century Man

that withdrawal and prayer will strengthen the Christian fellowship and enable it to do more "out-on-a-limb" evangelism with pastors assigned to factories, to stores, and to hospitals to minister to the unbelieving and unchurched.

Finally, there are the three counsels of poverty, chastity, and obedience which, by removing the impediments to perfection, enable the Christian soul to overcome selfness and to find joy and peace in giving for God.

What of poverty? Supper club audiences rock with laughter at the comedian who tells them seriously, "I've been rich and I've been poor, and believe me, rich is better." But the rich rarely enjoy freedom from things. The religious, as monks or nuns are called collectively, strives to be free of possessions and free of privations—in short, to have a holy indifference. He uses things as they are required in his work, but he is bidden not to seek them for themselves, nor ever to place them above the claims of God and of men. He is rich as no millionaire is rich, for his treasure is love and faith and trust and the security of knowing that even deprivations are tokens of God's favor.

Chastity in its many forms—innocence, modesty, continence, marital chastity, religious virginity—is required of every Christian according to his state of life. Chastity, insisted Charles Williams in an arresting essay on Milton's *Comus*, is the condition of joy. Without chastity man cannot experience delight. With it, man can channel his sensuality toward the object of his desire and ultimately to God.

Religious chastity, then, has nothing in common with spinsterhood or bachelorhood maintained in a negative denial of love, out of fear or self-centeredness or a preference for bird-watching. Religious chastity is an affirmation by which the monk is freed for loving even the unlovable.

The world shows itself to be hopelessly muddled about the distinction between love and lust. Churchmen who mutter behind their hands about

"impurity" might better speak forthrightly about the flaming holiness of sexual love, so holy that it is the outward and visible sign of the sacrament of holy matrimony.

Finally, the monastic commends to his secular brothers the counsel of obedience, which Toynbee once called "the prickliest of Protestant nettles." The religious surrenders his will in a *reasonable* act to obey a rule designed for the common good, administered by elected authority which is itself responsible to the rule, and finally to God. The dynamic of religious obedience is not power but love. This is the service that conveys perfect freedom.

But how is secular man to find perfect freedom when there is nothing to obey? He finds himself a member of a society in which there is no authority to love and respect, even if he is disposed to do so. The fear of God, the beginning of wisdom, will take him through the kindergarten stage. And truth, our Lord suggests, will complete the process, not the shifting kaleidoscope of scientific knowledge, but the knowledge of who we are in relation to God.

Having accepted his creatureliness and God as his creator, man is free from the struggle to keep himself

foremost, free from the self-flattery devices, ego supports, and sensual consolations by which he offers daily homage to Almighty Self.

These three monastic vows, then, do affirm the baptismal renunciations and can witness pertinently to mid-century Christians.

By seeking holy poverty, in whatever form of frugality his station in life permits, man can recover a right relation to *things*, to creation, by *use* instead of *usury*, thereby fulfilling his baptismal renunciation of the sinful world.

By seeking holy chastity, man can recover a right relation to *man*, by rightly regarding the holiness of fleshly desires but by rejecting those unholy lusts which trap him in racism, the use of children as ego-images, divorce, and a desperate pursuit of sensual experiences no longer pleasurable, thereby fulfilling his baptismal renunciation of the sinful desires of the flesh.

By seeking holy obedience, man can recover a right relation to *God*, by a humble recognition of his creaturely status and by rejection of idolatrous devotion to empirical science and atomic power, thereby fulfilling his baptismal renunciation of the devil and all his works. ◀

Consider the Canvass

BY ROBERT A. MACGILL

SOMETIME this fall, hard on the heels of Halloween, thousands of adult Episcopalians will hit the streets for another go at that peculiar form of solemn high trick-or-treat better known as the Every Member Canvass. The plans for this are being laid (or not) right now all across the country.

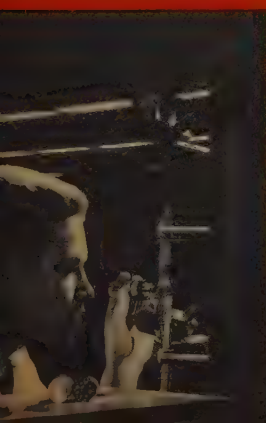
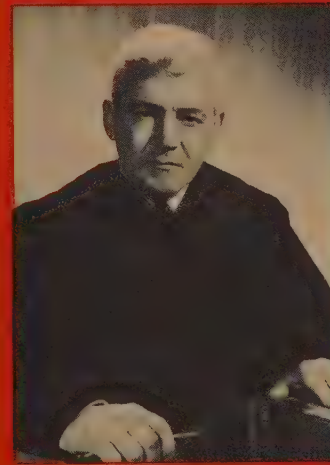
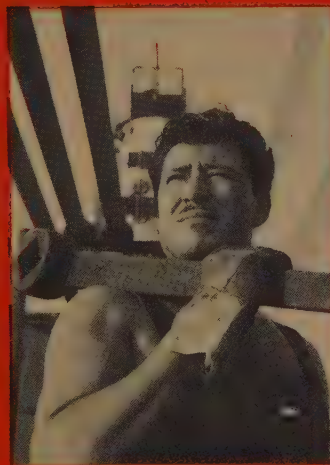
What about this annual autumn exercise? Is it really a good thing, or just another pious duty like the traditional church bazaar? In a good many places, the question is being asked by clergy, vestries, and can-

vassers. Some affluent parishes—especially those visited recently by budget-expansion outfits—are saying, "We don't *need* a Canvass every year." In other places, the Canvass has become so deadly dull that it's an uphill struggle to mobilize and train enough people to make calls. Elsewhere, congregations are experimenting with Canvasses-by-mail and other evasions of the traditional, every member, face-to-face encounter.

No doubt there is a reasonable basis for all these objections and



every man shall give
as he is able...



Your introduction
to the 1964 Every
Member Canvass
is inside. You will
also find aids from
the National Council
to strengthen your
parish program in
the months ahead ▶



**EVERY man
shall give
as he is able...**

IN THE FALL you should see the poster which makes up the cover of this insert on the bulletin board in your parish . . . and be hearing much more about the theme "Every Man Shall Give as He Is Able."

There is a good chance you have heard these words so often that their meaning may be lost. Through posters, supporting literature—and the cooperation of your rector—these old, familiar words should take on a new significance for you before the end of 1964. "Every man shall give as he is able" is the theme for the National Council's 1964 Every Member Canvass materials.

Recognizing that now is the time to plan for an effective Canvass, a packet of materials is being sent to your rector. It contains samples of pamphlets and a listing of audio-visual resources to help him and the vestry plan now for this important annual event in the life of your congregation.

The Every Member Canvass offers a magnificent opportunity to bring into sharp focus for your congregation the church's teaching about the stewardship of money and the Christian way of handling possessions. Now is the time to prepare for doing this in the fall.

If you are a parish priest—review carefully the packet of materials sent to you and order sufficient supplies early. Be sure, too, that your Canvass organization is developed before summer vacations begin.

If you are a vestryman—be sure you and your fellow vestrymen realize your responsibility in this

matter. Consult with your rector about plans for your church's 1964 Every Member Canvass—now.

If you are a parishioner—prepare yourself for the visit of the canvasser who will call on you this fall by facing seriously your Christian responsibility in the handling of your material possessions. Ponder prayerfully the full meaning of the words "Every man shall give as he is able." There is more to them than meets the eye.

LOOKING AHEAD TO GENERAL CONVENTION

BY NOW most Episcopalians know that 1964 is a General Convention year, and that the Convention this year, together with the Triennial Meeting of Women of the Church, will take place in St. Louis, Missouri, beginning on October 11.

Highlights will be the Opening Service in Kiel Auditorium on

Sunday evening, October 11; the Presentation of the United Thank Offering on the morning of Thursday, October 15; the Missionary Service on Friday, October 16. Three Joint Sessions for Bishops, Deputies, Delegates to the Triennial and visitors are scheduled for the mornings of October 13 and 15 and sometime early in the second week of Convention. An Ecumenical Dinner will be held on Wednesday, October 14, with stimulating ecumenical dialogues scheduled for the afternoon of the same day.

Convention will be considering, among other urgent matters, how the Episcopal Church shall respond to the Mutual Responsibility document which was first presented to the Anglican Congress in the summer of 1963. As a result of Bishop Lichtenberger's recently announced intention to resign because of illness, the Convention

THREE PUBLICATIONS GIVE CHURCH'S POSITION ON RACE



Crisis on Elm Street discusses the issues of discrimination in housing. It does not "argue the case" against discrimination; rather, it presents facts in such a way to help the reader study the issues and make informed decisions on a local basis. Problems are presented in light of the gospel. A suggested plan for group use and a listing of supplementary material is included. Important reading for every person who owns or rents property. Order from Seabury Bookstore, 815 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. 50¢ per copy.

The Church Speaks on Race presents the position of the Church through quotations from the Book of Common Prayer, resolutions of General Conventions, Pastoral Letters from the House of Bishops, declarations by Lambeth Conferences and Anglican Congresses. The most recent edition of this pamphlet includes the Presiding Bishop's Whitsuntide 1963 letter. It is of equal value to individuals and study groups seeking a proper Christian orientation in matters of race. Published by the National Council. Order from Seabury Bookstore, 815 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. 15¢ per copy; \$12.00 per hundred.

Church and Race is a news magazine published monthly from September to June by the Department of Christian Social Relations, Division of Christian Citizenship. If you would like to receive this free, send your request to the Division at the Episcopal Church Center, 815 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

will elect a new Presiding Bishop. It will determine a program and budget for the church for the next three years.

An extensive array of exhibits will be of interest to visitors. There also will be regularly scheduled showings of films in the exhibit area.

All this and more about General Convention is described in a new pamphlet entitled *St. Louis '64: A Time to Act*. A sample of this has been sent to your rector. Check with him to learn whether it will be available through your parish. If not, and you would like copies for your own use, order from the Seabury Bookstore, 815 Second Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017. They are priced at \$4.00 per hundred copies.

If you are planning to visit St. Louis during Convention, plan now for accommodations. Write the General Convention Office, 1210 Locust Street, St. Louis 3, Missouri, for information.

FILM LIBRARIES STOCKED TO HELP YOU

WHEN CALLED upon to lead a parish program, have you ever wished for a film that could be incorporated into that program? Just the film you wanted may be on the shelf of either of the National Council's two film libraries, one in New York and the other in Berkeley, California. Though individual dioceses often are able to supply needed motion pictures, these two national libraries are well stocked to provide additional help for you.

A new Film Library Catalog listing more than three hundred 16 mm. black and white and color sound motion pictures has been sent by the National Council to your rector. It contains a comprehensive subject index, and numerous selections are included under such headings as "The Bible," "The Christian Church," "Christian Living," "The Christian Family," and "Leadership Training." A detailed synopsis of each film is given, along with details as to running time and rental fee.

Kiel Auditorium in St. Louis, site of the 1964 General Convention

The Church and the Racial Crisis: 1964

THE PRESIDING BISHOP'S SPECIAL FUND

"It is not enough for the Church to exhort men to be good. Men, women and children are today risking their livelihood and their lives in protesting for their rights. We must support and strengthen their protest in every way possible, rather than give support to the forces of resistance by our silence."

So SPOKE our Presiding Bishop in his Whitsuntide Message last year. His words are as relevant and as timely now as they were then.

Increasing numbers of our clergy and laity are caught in situations of racial tension where they require immediate assistance. Entire families and parishes face the turmoil which is sweeping our nation. Legal and medical help are required. Emergency assistance of all kinds is needed.

At the request of the National Council, Bishop Lichtenberger has issued a call to make available a Special Fund of \$150,000 to meet this crisis. This fund provides one immediate opportunity for all Episcopalians to take a responsible part in the struggle for racial justice.

"Our parishes should respond to community crises before violence threatens," Bishop Lichten-

berger has said. "The long-range task of binding up the wounds which the racial situation brings upon us is also part of our ministry of reconciliation."

Expenditure of the funds raised is under the supervision of a committee of National Council members appointed by the Presiding Bishop.

Members are the Rt. Rev. William H. Marmion, Bishop of Southwestern Virginia; the Ven. David R. Thornberry, Archdeacon of Southern Ohio; and Mr. Ernest Greene of Washington, D.C.

The need is urgent. It is now. The Church must act in this crucial year 1964. You can help by sending your contribution to:

The Presiding Bishop
Episcopal Church Center
815 Second Avenue
New York, N. Y. 10017

*Please make your check payable to: Lindley M. Franklin, Jr.,
Treasurer, and mark it: "Racial Appeal."*

Types of motion pictures included are documentaries on the Episcopal Church's work at home and overseas, as well as films on such areas of concern as race, poverty, alcoholism, urban affairs, the problems of the aged, and a wide range of other subjects. Films of seasonal interest such as Christmas and Easter are listed, as well as instruction and teaching films on the Bible, history, and doctrine.

Catalog supply is limited, but a copy should be in your rector's files. Ask to see it.





In addition to listings in the Film Library Catalog, you will be interested to know that information on slides, film strips, recordings, and other audio-visual materials is available from the Division of Radio, Television and Audio-Visuals, 815 Second Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017.

COMING TO THE WORLD'S FAIR? DON'T MISS THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH EXHIBIT

If you are coming to the New York World's Fair, you will be interested in the Episcopal Church's exhibit in the Protestant-Orthodox Center. The Exhibit attempts to set the Episcopal Church in perspective as one of the autonomous members of the world-wide Anglican Communion and to reflect the spirit of the Mutual Responsibility document of the Anglican Congress through the theme taken from a statement by the Archbishop of Canterbury: "A Church that lives to itself will die by itself."

Literature will direct the visitors' attention to youth exchange opportunities as one demonstration of "mutual responsibility" in action. Other pieces will focus attention on significant facts about the Episcopal Church. An interesting and beautifully designed souvenir booklet will be available and can be mailed anywhere in the United States directly from the exhibit, complete with the World's Fair postmark.

VISIT THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH CENTER

While in New York, you are especially welcome to visit the new Episcopal Church Center, at 43rd

Street and Second Avenue, to see the building and the Chapel of Christ the Lord. The chapel's green marble altar, modern tapestry dorsal, faceted glass windows, and the mosaic work of French artist Gabriel Loire are of particular interest.

Opened in the spring of 1963, the Episcopal Church Center houses the office of the Presiding Bishop and all departments and general divisions of the National Council. It is also the home of Seabury Press, the official publishing house of the Church, as well as many of the Church's related agencies. The center is open to visitors daily except Sunday. Current information regarding tours of the building and hours of service in the chapel can be had by telephoning TN 7-8400.

When you visit the Church Center, you will be only a few steps

GOING ABROAD?

OVERSEAS CHURCH DIRECTORIES AVAILABLE FREE

If you are going to Europe or the Orient, you will want to find Episcopal churches overseas and those with which we are in full communion. Two directories, both free and available through the Seabury Bookstore, have been prepared by the National Council to make this easy for you. Write for yours today, while the supply lasts.



The *1964 Directory of Churches in Europe and Nearby Countries* is a pocket-sized listing of American Churches in Europe, U. S. Armed Forces Chapels, Church of England Chaplaincies, Old Catholic Churches, Spanish Reformed Churches, and Lusitanian (Portuguese) Churches. It covers Europe, North Africa, and the Middle East, listing not only the names and locations of the Churches, but giving the latest available information on hours of service.

The *1964 Directory of Churches in Asia* lists churches in Japan, Korea, Hong Kong, Okinawa, Taiwan, the Philippines, Singapore, Malaya, Burma, Indonesia, South Vietnam, Thailand, and Borneo. Included are the Episcopal Church, the Church of England, U. S. Armed Forces Chapels, the Holy Catholic Church in Japan, Church of India, Burma, Pakistan and Ceylon, and parishes of the Philippine Independent Church.



from the United Nations and close to many other points of interest. Information to help you make the most of your visit to New York will be available at the World's Fair exhibit and at the Center. Personnel in attendance at both places will be pleased to assist you.



THE NATIONAL COUNCIL
815 Second Avenue • New York, N. Y. 10017

short cuts. But there is also a grave danger in them. By avoiding an every year, every member Canvass, we stand an excellent chance of voiding our parish stewardship. As with any Christian doctrine or discipline, the bedrock reality of stewardship is directly related to its original simplicity and honest, earthy urgency. When we try to over-refine and sophisticate it, we may wind up with something slick, neat, and ingenious, and definitely less substantial than the straight goods specified by our Lord.

Let's consider what Jesus actually taught about stewardship and then look at the Every Member Canvass in the light of what we find.

In the first place, we need to recover a sense of what Jesus meant when He used the word "steward." The person the Lord had in mind when He told stories about stewards was well known to any audience of New Testament times. He was a functionary in every large household—a sort of servant-in-charge, or major-domo. The steward's job was primarily to manage the household affairs, direct the other servants, keep the accounts, and generally see after the owner's interests. Obviously, the owner put considerable trust in the steward; in return, he expected absolute loyalty, efficient operation, and—above all—a building up of the family fortunes.

All this is supported not only by the nature of the parables in which the steward is the pivotal person, but also by the various Greek words which are used to mean "steward" in the English translations. Two of these words are worth noting: *epitropos*, which means "one to whom a thing is committed"; and *oikonomo*, which is, literally, the "manager of a house." Few will miss the point that from this latter word—the root of which means to "build up"—we get our word "economy."

Those who heard the steward parables from the lips of the Lord had no difficulty with the point He was making. In the household of God (the Church), the managerial func-

Continued on page 38

The Widow's Mite

OKAY, me again,

It's me to tell you God's Book again.

I will try for now. Maybe I won't do so good, but we'll leave it to God. In spite of our ignorance, He alone can make it known to us all.

But first with God let us talk.

You are with us, Father. Today is Wednesday, Father, the day for hearing your Book.

What do you want me to do?

Fix me less and less ignorant concerning this when it is told.

Cause me to say it really straight for them to hear, us too to hear, all of us.

Like this I say, help me if it is your desire, even so cause me to tell it all, because of Jesus. That's it. Amen.

Okay, like this about Jesus I will tell, about ones who go to church, church folks.

Okay, Jesus and His followers came near to where the money box was. There were many teachers of God in God's house. Jesus and His followers came over and sat down.

All right, other people, the ones with money came and

They put it into the money box,

kerplunk,

kerplunk.

Others came,

kerplunk,

and others,

kerplunk.

There were many who gave . . .

How surprising!

How much did they give?

The price of a gun, maybe.

Others maybe the price of an airplane.

Then another came, a woman.

What was her name?

We don't know.

Just a woman, God's Book says.

She came next.

She was one who had lost her husband.

How sad, poor thing.

The woman brought money also. One cent only was her money. Just this little bit of money.

But it was a gift to become God's own. She brought the last that she had.

Jesus saw that one.

He saw her really good.

Others, those who gave much, as undesirable He saw them. They gave much money, but it was undesirable.

Why was it that way?

Maybe it was because there was plenty that they held back even yet.

This lady brought one cent, one cent only.

After that Jesus called His disciples to Him.

Then Jesus said to them each one, "I tell you the truth, this widow woman brought more than the contributors of money."

"Really much more," Jesus said.

"The possessors of money, from out of their possessions they brought. This one, who didn't have anything, she brought the money she had."

She did this because she was a lover of God, a giver of gifts, one who wanted to give to God.

That is how she was. How amazing? Not at all.

The one who was without everything, gave all she had, to the point where she didn't have anything.

She gave it all.

That is how it was with the woman.

I still don't know it too well,

but like that is the story.

Let us be trusting God when it hurts.

Let us be giving all that which we have,

all of it!

That is all I have to say.

This lesson is taken from a recording by Kirifaka, a converted WaiWai from the interior of British Guiana, who has been taught to read and write by missionaries.

Reprint permission granted by the Rev. Ralph B. Odman, general secretary, Unevangelized Fields Mission, Bala-Cynwyd, Pennsylvania.

Consider the Canvass

tion is of prime importance. The chief stewards (finance committees, wardens, and vestries) are responsible to the Owner for managing the affairs of the household; their accounts are to be in order at all times; they are to represent the Owner prudently among His constituency and those who serve it; they are to carry on His business single-mindedly and build on it by year end.

These clear teachings, with their unmistakable references to corporate life as well as individual practice, spell out the real basis of Christian stewardship in the New Testament. There is nothing tricky, spiritual, or lofty about all this. Jesus' own teaching simply pins down the fact that God expects good management, trustworthy representation, and a building up of those affairs which He entrusts to His servants. Such affairs include not only money pledged, but parishioners who pledge as good stewards and not just mere money-givers. This is, of course, the essence of personal stewardship. But even more, it is a primary function in God's basic household unit—the parish church.

To press the point one step more: unless the process of stewardship is understood in the household terms above, the *basis* of stewardship in the parish is awry. Unless the clergy and vestry are aware of their primary responsibility as managers and builder-uppers, and unless they propagate this responsibility among the whole parish household in depth, the pipeline for fueling God's enterprises in the world is badly pinched at the source. The church's whole mission and ministry are organically related to stewardship at this very point.

This, in turn, is the most solid argument for having an Every Member Canvass every year—in every parish and mission of the church. The Canvass is not only an opportunity for the parish leadership—the clergy, vestry, and the “faithful few”—to carry out managerial duty. It is also a basic means, alongside and akin to public worship, of accomplishing what the parish is supposed

to *be*: the household of God, seeing after His business where we are.

Let us assess, in the light of what stewardship is supposed to be, the positive values of the Every Member Canvass in the parish.

The Canvass makes it clear that the parish means business in its concern for God's business. Whether everyone likes it or not is unimportant. At the heart of the Canvass is the element of witness—corporate witness—to the priority of God in the world. The canvasser may meet with antagonism or he may trigger a moment of conversion; but the Canvass call has registered afresh the fact of stewardship—God's ownership, and His claim on all of us and our possessions.

The Canvass unites the parish as a family, more realistically than any other parish function other than worship. How seldom the attention of every soul on the parish roll is focused on a single facet of the faith—all at the same time. The Canvass, in this respect, is a potent unifying factor. It links the individual family unit—with its own economic affairs in view—to the larger family of the church and the mission economy in which we all share. If the Canvass is properly conceived and communicated, it is a powerful means of projecting a vivid and right sense of Christian responsibility.

The Canvass calls for an annual review of what the parish does and why it is doing it. No enterprise can survive for long without regular reassessment of its goals, its purposes, its program, and its progress. The Lord expects exactly that from His Church. Certain responsibilities are uniquely ours; in shorthand terms we call them “worship,” “evangelism,” “mission,” “ministry,” and so on. In the fulfillment of these, God expects His stewards to show some growth for Him out of what they are given to work with. The Canvass, therefore, is an essential step in each year's program. Unlike simple budget planning, the Canvass is an imperative; it demands of parish leadership an honest evaluation of present

progress as well as an expansion of plans for future action. It also requires of every family unit a self-examination of personal stewardship—which is far less likely to happen if there is no Canvass, human nature being as it is. In the parish as a whole, the Canvass provides a sudden sharp focus for declaring what the church's work is and how well or poorly the parish is engaging in it.

The Canvass is a teaching tool. Billy Graham was not kidding when he quoted the old adage that “the most sensitive nerve in the human body is the one connected to the pocketbook.” Everybody knows that the prime block to good personal stewardship is plain, personal selfishness—“pocketbook protection.” It should be equally understandable that pocketbook protection will not be broken down by pious intentions or by *laissez faire* policies. This devil will only come out through prayer, fasting—and repeated, face-to-face Canvass calls. Sermons, literature, letters, and the like are all good and useful. But they simply cannot compare in value with the effect of a good, honest conversation between a canvasser and a fellow parishioner. By any measure—size of pledge, degree of conversion, retention of the issue—Canvass calls, no matter how artless, provide the best approach, hands down.

The Canvass punctures the balloon of pious language. A whole generation of Episcopalians have been subjected to well-meant gas warfare with regard to stewardship. They have been surrounded by a cloud of witless jargon and assaulted by catchy truisms like “time-talent-treasure” or “work-pray-give.” These time-honored triplets are supposed to unlock the mysteries of stewardship for the man in the pew. Perhaps they do. But most canvassers find it difficult to become facile with such stuff. They usually find themselves blurting out the plain truth about a pledge to the church. Since the person being called on usually has a frame of reference for that kind of talk, some honest dia-

logue ordinarily ensues. So does the pledge—and a wider point of commitment to the work of Christ in the world.

A great deal more could be said in favor of the Every Member Canvass—especially about how it is conducted, where it fits into the total life of a parish, and what it intends to

accomplish each year. But here and now as we plan for the fall activities in the parish we might like to remember just this:

The Every Member Canvass is a good, honest institution—wholly consistent with the principles of stewardship laid down by Jesus Christ for His Church. It is deeply

sacramental and therefore intensely practical. It can bring forth the best that a parish has to offer. It releases throughout a parish the grace we need to manage our lives so that they prosper for God. And it fuels the material lifelines of the church in a way that simply cannot be accomplished by any other means. ◀



Four Views of Heaven

BY JOHN UPDIKE

ATHEISM," Hook said in answer to Conner's attribution of Deism to Lincoln, "wears as many faces as Satan."

This rejoinder fell among them neglected, for Elizabeth's hopes of heaven had disjointed their commerce awkwardly. Her own mouth tightened into a sharp, impervious expression unsuited to her, and Conner realized she had expected some sort of praise. He realized as well that Hook was attempting to offer it when he said, "No doubt, Elizabeth, heaven will be something of what each wants it to be." But this, too, was ignored, and for the moment

Conner wondered if Hook, like himself, was not excluded from a certain alliance of affection that existed among these people.

It was Tommy Franklin who at last spoke and was turned to eagerly by the blind woman.

"Well, my ideas of the next place," he began, and lifted his downcast face to ask, "did you say you wondered what other people thought?"

"Yes," she said, "please tell, everyone. I'm so interested."

"Well,"—he spoke with difficulty throughout—"I've not given it the thought you have. The last I remember thinking was as a boy of maybe fourteen, that it couldn't be in the sky. It turned out my father thought the same. He said, and he claimed he got this from the Bible, one day we'd be lifted up from our graves and heaven would begin right here. I liked to hear that because I had always liked the section of country around our place. Then I wondered about the animals, because if we

came out of the ground they might too, and I wondered where they'd go. I thought of all the stock I'd seen my folks kill, and even if we got the whole farm back, I didn't see the place for them all. And a lot of wildlife depend on eating each other, foxes and hawks to mention two, and what would they eat? I asked him, my dad, and this time he said there would only be two of each animal, a male and a female, like they came off Noah's ark. It didn't seem to be enough, but I let it go at that, and that's the last thinking I recall doing on the subject." Aware that he had disappointed Elizabeth, he scowled at his knitted fingers, nicked and red from filing peachstones.

"Rafe Beam used to recite," Hook said,

*"The animals came out two
by two,
The chipmunk, mink, and
kangaroo;
The horse came down, clip-*

Continued on page 40

Four Views of Heaven

*petyclop,
And Mrs. Noah shook out
her mop."*

He couldn't help chuckling himself at this, a distant tickled laugh.

"All right, Tommy," Elizabeth said. "Who now? Amy? Bessie dear."

"The Book says," Bessie Jamieson said, "the rich will be poor, and the poor rich. So I've always thought I'd be a beauty, and my mother not; but I won't let on; I'll treat her better than she treated me, when I was her girl. I expect we'll all be about the same age."

"If you lose your long jaw," Amy Mortis said, "that means my goiter goes too. And your bad eyes, Elizabeth. It's your right."

How tiny, Conner thought, this woman's head was without her bonnet. A mere egg-and, as she had said, partially bald. He wondered if, technically, she was a dwarf. He wondered what the technical definition of a dwarf was.

"Mr. Conner," Elizabeth appealed, "will I be made to see?"

"I'm not really an expert on eschatology." The coldness of his voice disappointed even him.

"Please, won't you give us your ideas? They say you don't believe, but I think everyone believes, in their heart."

Conner on the contrary believed that in their hearts no one believed, which accounted for the strained, or bluff, expressions on the faces of the few clergy he had met. "I'll try to tell you"—in his earnestness he touched the blind woman on the shoulder, sharp bones at variance with her velvet appearance—"my conception of heaven. Like Mr. Franklin, I see it placed on this earth. There will be no disease. There will be no oppression, political or economic, because the administration of power will be in the hands of those who have no hunger for power, but who are, rather, dedicated to the cause of all humanity. There will be ample leisure for recreation."

"Naked girls on the seashore," Mrs. Jamiesson interpolated.

"Leisure, and no further waste of natural resources. Cities will be planned, and clean; power will be drawn from the atom, and food from the sea. The land will recover its topsoil. The life span of the human being will be increased to that of the animals, that is, ten times the period of growth to maturity."

"More poorhouses," Mrs. Mortis said.

"There will be no poor."

"All the more reason for poorhouses; the only reason people put

up with their old ones now is to get their money."

"Money too may have vanished. The state will receive what is made and give what is needed. Imagine this continent—the great cities things of beauty; squalor gone; the rivers conserved; the beauty of the landscape, conserved. No longer suffering but beauty will be worshiped. Art will mirror no longer struggle but fulfillment. Each man will know himself—without delusions, without muddle, and within the limits of that self-knowledge will construct a sane and useful life. Work and love: parks: orchards. Understand me. The factors which for ages have warped the mind of man and stunted his body will be destroyed; man will grow like a tree in the open. There will be no waste. No pain and above all no waste. And this heaven will come to this earth, and come soon."

Mrs. Mortis asked, "Soon enough for us?"

"Not you personally perhaps. But for your children, and your grandchildren."

"But for us ourselves?"

"No." The word hung huge in the living room, the "o" a hole that let in the cold of the void.

"Well, then," Mrs. Mortis spryly said, "to hell with it."





Heaven

A MEDITATION IN ADJECTIVES

frosty	
righteous	
luminous	
cloudless	
precipitating	unclouded
overhanging	pitying
bounteous	crystal
transfigured	hollow
untrod	influent
starry	frowning
sublunar	slumberless
clear	impenetrable
subjugated	jealous
high	deepening
miniature	unimaginable
smiling	sweet
avenging	vaulty
tranquil	piteous
angry	encompassing
broad	unpitying
firmament	remote
unfolding	glorious
swelling	star-deserted
bending	crystalline
unrelenting	unobstructed
gladsome	immeasurable
spangled	middle
insulted	material
unpavilioned	warm-colored
troubled	pinky-purple
merciful	bland
unimagined	placid
clear-eyed	stainless
naked	scoffing
	propitious
	flaming
	deaf

If you get to heaven before I do

BY LESLEY CONGER

... Please ask the travel agency up there to assign me a different guide? Thanks. I know that Beatrice is ineffably beautiful, incredibly virtuous, the absolute epitome of perfection in womanhood—and I have a feeling I wouldn't like her very much. It's the way she goes around talking to Dante in the tone "a mother uses to a delirious child." I can just hear her.

Smug female monster.

Yesterday at 11:45 A.M. I finished reading the last canto of Dante's *Divine Comedy*. By 10:30 I had grown impatient, eager to be done with it, and I began to race. This is no reflection on Dante; I feel this way as I near the end of anything, reading, writing, ironing, house cleaning. In the beginning I plod; but as the finish line heaves into view, I sprint.

Panting a little, I have dropped back down to earth—for me, a more congenial habitat, flawed and homely as it is. The charm of *Green Pastures* (if you are charmed by it) lies in the endowment of the heavenly scene with the homely and minor joys of earthly life, much more agreeable to contemplate and certainly easier to comprehend than ecstasy on a vast and non-human scale. In my heaven it is raining out-of-doors, someone has built a fire in the fireplace, and there is an inexhaustible library, an inexhaustible record collection, and an inexhaustible coffee pot close at hand. And De Lawd does *not* smoke cigars; or if he does, he kindly steps outside to do it.

Even Dante asks how it can be that the resurrection

Continued on page 42

of the body shall not reimpose limitations and weariness upon the emancipated souls, making the very glory of heaven painful. He is told that body and soul, reunited, will receive more of God's grace, love Him more, and be capable of greater joy; but the organs of sense will be incapable of pain or of weariness, no excess of delight beyond their grasp. This, I suppose, is sufficient answer—for some people. It satisfied Dante, but it doesn't satisfy me.

I'm afraid that Dante's heaven, though interestingly intricate in its relationship to the actual heavenly bodies, is, in the last analysis, just as tiresome as I thought it might be. What distresses me is that if this is the glory of heaven and these are its excesses of delight, then the game is hardly worth the candle. Lights, music, hymns of praise, the rose of heaven, and circles of dancing illumination—all very pretty if you like that sort of thing, but at one point when the angels began to form themselves into letters, chanting away, I suddenly thought of a grand cosmic football game (the Rose of Heaven Bowl?): it's half time and the band is on the field, marching and forming a big H (for Heaven) or a P (for Paradise), while card stunts are being performed by the angelic rooting section. . . .

Man's imagination is a petty thing at best, even Dante's. I think I would prefer the grand snuffing out of Nirvana to this spiritual Radio City Music Hall. Maybe I'd even prefer a fish fry, and a good cigar. ◀

THE KINGDO

1

After a long journey
I came to the Gates of Heaven.

2

The keeper of the outer gate said:
I suppose you have come to see God.
I answered:
No—I have come to stay.
Whereupon the outer gate was opened.

The keeper of the inner gate said:
What have you brought?
I answered:
Myself.
Whereupon the inner gate was opened.

The keeper of the innermost gate said:
What do you want?
I answered:
To love—to understand—to do.
And immediately the innermost gate stood open.

3

Within the innermost gate there was a
Customs-house;
And inside the Customs-house an Officer handed
me this list of prohibited Articles:
Hopes, Fears, Desires
(Excepting a reasonable amount of personal
and bodily desires).
Respectability, Superiority, Flatulence.
Motives (conscious or unconscious).
Regrets.
Pet Schemes and Fancy Theories.
Pride (real or artificial).
High Purposes and Benevolent Designs.
Cleverness, Reputation, Complaints.
Beliefs, Pretensions, Ideals, Arrangements, Habits.
Attitudes, Poses, Modesty.
Virtues, Vices, Shame.
Ambitions (worldly or unworldly).
Fixed Opinions (orthodox or unorthodox).

OF HEAVEN

Standards.
Illusions.

I swore that I had none of the above.

4

In a general way, the Customs Officer explained,
You may not bring anything in here except yourself;
And even that has to be purged of all dross.
I answered:
But I can bring in some bodily desires?

He looked at me as if he thought I was a fool.
Then he said:
You can't come in here without a body;
And you can't have a body that has no bodily needs:
Unless yours is made of cardboard.

I thought of saying that I would report him for
impertinence.
Then I remembered what I had sworn, and went on.

5

After all, it was not altogether his fault.
For from time immemorial the customs authorities
had officially forbidden the bringing in of
bodily desires.
And though for the most part they had shut their
eyes to the importing of a reasonable amount,
It was only recently that they had officially
recognized its necessity.

Small wonder, then, that large numbers of people
should wish to reassure themselves about so
important a matter.
To the irritation of the customs officials.

6

But I laughed to myself when I thought of what
my friends would say
When they heard that I could get in here with my
pagan body,
My virtues left outside.



The Decisive Step

THIS IS a summary of my own experience, as well as the pathetic narrative of a series of events that could happen to anyone. What I narrate here is really true, and not fiction of the type that we are used to seeing daily, as cheap, imaginary, and convenient literature. So that everybody will know, and possibly benefit, I want to expose my performance in the great drama which we call life.

When one is in high school, one is young, and one's mind is susceptible to everything and is, therefore, propitious ground for any kind of influence. Such was my case. Everything started when some "friends" (I no longer consider them friends) invited me to a meeting. When I got there, I realized that I was attending a meeting of young Communists, and I was carried away by all the "sound" arguments they had. I decided to join the Party.

As time went by, I began to be noticed. Since I was president of the student board in my high school, the Party realized that I could be very useful to them. Consequently, I was made a member of the social affairs committee, and my position demanded that I work intensively with conferences, motivation campaigns, and the like. Working at these activities, I had every opportunity to learn the true facts about their manner of operation.

My campaign of rebellion and provocation against society grew, and soon I became an obdurate enemy of the Holy Scriptures, and all matters of religious faith.

Then, something quite unexpected happened. One day, which remains ominous in my memory, we had planned a student demonstration to create disorder and chaos; we had organized a group of students who were completely ignorant of communism. Because of what happened that day, "communism" became

"death" to them. Some of them died as plain bait. Bait that had been planted by us. But, after their immolation, they were proclaimed martyrs and defenders of "student and constitutional rights," by the Party that claimed to be the leader and enlightener of youth, as well as the defender of human rights.

It was then that I became disillusioned. There were many reasons for my change. I had seen some innocent fellow students die by the bullets of the law-enforcers; I had learned the terrible lies that the Party feeds; but, most of all, I felt lonely.

I did not feel repudiated by society, but I felt a great spiritual loneliness. I needed something to grasp, so as not to drown in the stormy and treacherous sea of communism.

That "something" appeared at an unexpected moment, one Sunday afternoon when I was at home reading the morning papers. I saw an announcement of the evening services at the Episcopal church. When I read it, I became interested. Sometime before, I had read about the

Episcopal Church—I was raised as a Christian, but had become disgusted, and had drawn away from the church. I decided to attend services that evening.

At the church, I discovered an atmosphere completely different from anything I had ever experienced. I could sense a feeling of brotherhood and of common ideals, but above all, I had a clear vision of faith.

I started attending services regularly, and began to face reality as I found myself drawn closer and closer towards Christ's Church.

It was then that I made up my mind to resign from the Party. I presented my resignation, but it was not accepted. However, my mind was made up, and I insisted until they finally were forced to accept my resignation. And even though they tried to make me regret it, eventually I was left alone.

Once I had broken with communism, I started my life as a Christian. I was accepted in the church, and now I am the most happy person in the world because, when I turned around, I found Jesus ready to welcome me—the way He welcomes the return of the prodigal son.

I feel a vocation towards the ministry, and I want to dedicate my life to serving God, the God who gave me life, peace, and happiness. I pray that it be His will that one day I may become one of His ministers.

But, first, I want everyone to know the errors that one is liable to make, and to make everybody realize the evils of communism.

I do not want to pose as an example of anything, but I do hope that what I have stated here will give you a clear and precise vision of what is happening in the world today.

I trust that God, in His infinite kindness, will lead me to His celestial abode, now that I have taken what I consider the decisive step.

Does the Church make a difference in today's Latin America? The following testimony, translated in its entirety from the Spanish, is one important view. The young author, whose name is being withheld by request, is currently an active communicant and layreader in an Episcopal church in South America. The church was recently started as part of our increased responsibilities in the southern Americas.

First Amendment: Pro and Con



EIGHT-SCORE and twelve years ago, our forefathers wrote into the Constitution a guarantee that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

It is not Fourth of July rhetoric, but sober historical fact that these sixteen words from the First Amendment have been a bulwark of religious liberty and vitality in America. They have safeguarded religious life from the divisive conflicts, persecutions, and spiritual apathy which inevitably develop when the state interferes with the church, or when the church relies upon the state for support.

Today, for the first time in the nation's history, a serious move is under way in Congress to rewrite the First Amendment. The pros and cons of this undertaking deserve the most thoughtful study by all church members. It would be hard to conceive of any public issue which has a greater potential impact on the churches and their mission.

Since April 22, the House Judiciary Committee has been conducting hearings on proposed amendments to the Constitution, introduced by 111 members of the House. The proposals vary slightly in wording, but all are designed to overturn the decisions of the Supreme Court, in 1962 and 1963, that officially prescribed religious exercises, such as recitation of the Lord's Prayer and devotional reading of the Bible, have no place in public schools.

In taking that stand, the Supreme Court said:

"The place of religion in our society is an exalted one, achieved through a long tradition of reliance on the home, the church, and the inviolable citadel of the individual mind. We have come to recognize through bitter experience that it is not within the power of government to invade that citadel, whether its purpose or effect be to aid or oppose, to advance or retard. In the relationship between man and religion, the state is firmly committed to a position of neutrality."

The proposed amendments would relax the state's neutrality—just enough, the sponsors say, to permit prayer and Bible reading in public schools and to remove any possible question about the constitutionality of other official acknowledgments of God in our public institutions, such as the inclusion of the phrase "under God" in the pledge of allegiance to the flag.

To a great many Americans, this seems to be a laudable objective. These Americans do not believe that the founding fathers ever intended the First Amendment to force government into a position of neutrality as between religion and irreligion, but only meant to prevent its playing favorites among the different religions. The barring of religious exercises in public schools is symbolic, they feel, of a general move away from our heritage as a God-fearing

people and toward the total secularization of public institutions.

There are other Americans, equally devoted to the preservation of our religious heritage, who feel that it is reckless to tamper with the constitutional language which has served us well through so many generations. Is it possible, they ask, to authorize just a little bit of government promotion of religion? Once the concept of neutrality is relaxed, won't the door be wide open for ever-increasing government involvement in religious life, beginning with financial support of parochial schools?

Opponents of the proposed amendments have tried to dramatize the ultimate possibilities of government control by asking repeatedly at the hearings who would decide which prayers are to be said, or which versions of the Bible are to be read, in the schools. They have asked, for example, whether a school board in a community where Roman Catholics are in the majority could prescribe the saying of Hail Mary instead of the Lord's Prayer, or whether the Book of Mormon might be made the required scripture reading in a public school in Utah or Idaho.

These questions have not been answered, or even seriously wrestled with, in the House hearings. Proponents of prayer in schools have rested their case largely on an emotional appeal to public piety, and have intimated that anyone who dis-

Continued on page 46

THE OLD CATHOLIC MOVEMENT

Its Origins and History
By C. B. Moss

At a time when the movement towards Church Unity is so much to the fore, it is important that Anglicans should be well informed about the Churches which are already in full communion with Canterbury. Among these are the Old Catholic Churches, which form the subject of this study.

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First Amendment

agrees with them must be an atheist or heretic. Some have gone so far as to suggest that the Court decision and the endorsements it received from many religious leaders are all part of a Communist plot to make America a "godless nation."

Rep. B. F. Sisk, of California, one of the few Congressional witnesses who testified against the proposed amendments, asserted that a lot of the emotional fervor behind the proposed amendments stems from hatred of the Supreme Court rather than from love of God. He also testified that Dr. Carl McIntire, the Collingswood, New Jersey, radio preacher, is spearheading a movement among "radical right-wing extremist groups" in support of the amendments.

Congressmen have been receiving bagsful of mail from voters who favor religious exercises in public schools. So far they have received relatively few letters from people who support the Supreme Court decision and who want to keep the First Amendment as it is. The weight of mail may accurately reflect public sentiment. Or it may merely reflect the fact that McIntire and others have been drumming up letters to Congress for months, whereas the fight against the proposed amendments has been only lately and poorly organized.

It is impossible at this point to predict the outcome. The chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, Rep. Emanuel Celler, of New York, is opposed to any tampering with the First Amendment, and Celler is a legislative tactician of no mean ability. But he is confronted with an almost panic reaction among House members, who fear they may be tagged as "anti-God" in an election year. The consensus of Capitol Hill observers is that the proposed amendment will have no trouble getting the necessary two-thirds vote in the House, if it reaches the floor. But if Rep. Celler can hold it up for a few weeks, there is a chance that the Senate, having fallen so far behind in its work because of the filibuster on the civil rights bill, won't find time to act on the prayer-in-schools issue before adjourning.

FAMILY MEMO

The purpose of this column is to bring you—our family of readers—information about the progress and uses of THE EPISCOPALIAN through the Parish Every Family Plan. The Parish Plan offers all churches and missions the opportunity to send THE EPISCOPALIAN to their families at the low cost of \$2 per family per year.

The Rev. Henry G. Russell, rector of Trinity Church, West Pittston, Pa., believes that THE EPISCOPALIAN is "providential—the finest thing the church has done."

"Our people read THE EPISCOPALIAN, comment on it, and are instructed by it," Mr. Russell said. "This is helpful adult Christian education."

The moment a newcomer shows any interest in the church, Mr. Russell adds him to the Parish Plan list.

"It makes them a part of our parish family, and gives them an insight into the work of the whole Church, and how it is involved in the world."

Forty Representatives

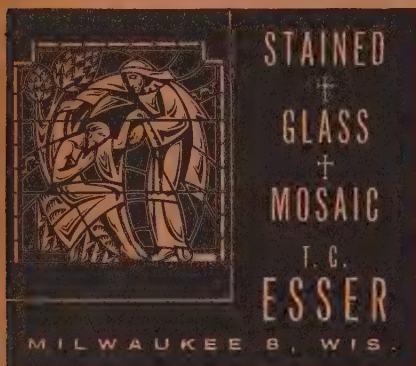
THE EPISCOPALIAN reports the assistance of diocesan representatives in 40 dioceses and districts in promoting full use of the magazine in churches and missions through enrollment in the Parish Plan. Their assiduous "missionary" efforts account in large part for the accelerated pace of enrollment.

New diocesan representatives include: *Bethlehem*, William Cauller of Emmaus, Pa., a lay leader in the Cathedral Church of the Nativity; *Connecticut*, the Rev. Frederick E. Preuss II, rector of Calvary Church, Bridgeport; *Central New York*, the Rev. Arthur Harrington, rector of St. James', Pulaski; *Montana*, the Rev. E. A. St. John, Helena, executive assistant to the Bishop of Montana.

Urges Parish Plan

The Rt. Rev. Henry I. Louttit, Bishop of South Florida, in urging parishes to enroll in the Parish Plan, says this would complete a chain of communication "that would bring the news of the whole Church into our people's homes." The other links in the chain, he notes, are the parish bulletin and the diocesan publication, *The Palm Branch*.

"This is an excellent means of deepening a sense of commitment and of stewardship within our parishes," he added in a letter addressed to clergy, vestrymen, and lay leaders in the diocese.



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Thoughts at a Wedding

By Martha Moscrip and Mary Morrison

"WHO GIVETH this Woman to be married to this Man?" Jim Leaman took his brief part in the wedding and returned to his wife's side, thinking, "How archaic can you get? Peg ought to be included in this giving—Ann's as much her child as mine."

Meanwhile, the groom's mother was thinking, "Why the bride's father? Why not the groom's mother? When you have a daughter getting married, people keep coming up and saying, 'You're not losing a daughter—you're gaining a son.' But nobody has yet told me that I'm not losing a son, I'm gaining a daughter. Anyhow it's not really true, either way. Sons and daughters both—when they get married, you give them up. Well, I'm not going to cry about it now. After all, it's nothing new; bringing up children is just one 'giving up' after another."

Not surprisingly, Peg Leaman's thoughts were following the same path. She had been struck quite forcibly by the fact that the Prayer Book says, "giveth to be married to this man," not, as she had always thought, "giveth to this man." She looked down at the Prayer Book open in her hands. "The Minister, receiving the Woman at her father's hands..."

"That's strange," she thought. "Jim didn't give Ann to Bob; he gave her to the Church, for us both. It must mean that we're really giving her to God. That's a large order, all of a sudden."

"But it isn't all of a sudden. She's been God's all along. That's what the Baptism ceremony is all about—that's what parenthood is all about. We've been giving her up all along, time and time again, ever since Dr. Smith cut the umbilical

cord when she was born. The yell she produced then was practically the only time she objected to having parental ties broken. Most of her objections since have been to our not cutting them fast enough or completely enough. How hard it sometimes is! How difficult to remember that they don't belong to us! We're stewards and caretakers, nothing more. God gave them to us to nurture and guide, but He made them, created them, and they are His."

Peg's thoughts drifted back. . . .

—The first time you leave them with a baby sitter—even if it's only Grandma.

—The time you let go of a small hand so that the first step can be taken alone.

—The time an insistent "me do it" forces you to let them out in the cold play yard with the jacket buttoned wrong and the shoelaces sure to come undone in ten minutes.

—The first time the yard gate is left open so that the tricycle can be used farther afield. You did no housework that morning, checking at the window every few minutes—but they never knew that.

—The time a voice located somewhere between your knee and hip height says, "But Mommy, I can too get the bread at the store for you." One long block, one street to cross—and off the sturdy figure goes alone.

—Kindergarten—and that faintly dusty smell of chalk and small children that takes you back to your own bewildered first days. This is the year you give them up twice because the constant refrain, "Miss Smith says . . .," makes it only too clear that your youngster has found a new "parent."

—Elementary school, Cub

Scouts, Brownies—and those summers at camp, punctuated by postcards obviously written only because the camp rule is "no letter home, no Sunday supper."

—A serious operation looms, or an illness frightens beyond endurance, and you find yourself on your knees praying—or trying to. You can't seem to pray, and suddenly the reason you can't hits you like a ton of bricks. This is the *real* giving up, into the hands of God either to heal or to take away—and either one must be all right. This is the moment when it comes home to you that your child is not yours but God's, and until you can say, and mean, "Thy will be done," the prayer won't pray.

—Time moves more and more rapidly. You watch his first football game. He's down—the doctor runs in—and you nearly die when he gets up, shakes his head, and goes back in the play. . . . And there she is, young, sparkling, beautiful, going off to her first dance with a boy who looks to your startled eye about ten years old and utterly irresponsible. . . .

—The driver's license. It comes

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Thoughts at a Wedding

in the mail, and you hand over your car keys for the first drive alone. . . . College and all those ideas that they get so stirred up about. . . . Why a job so far from home? . . . And now this marriage.

It seems to me, Peg thought, magazines are always running articles about parenthood being a creative job. But there's a catch in that idea. Painting a picture, writing a book, planning the way your living room will look, cooking the special dish you developed, or even putting together a dress or a hi-fi from a pattern or a diagram—these are creative activities.

In them you shape and mold, you

trim and cut, and move things around, all with one idea—to make something that is what you want it to be. You are working with thoughts and things, which have life only as your work gives it to them. But parenthood works with people—human beings who have a life of their own and who cannot be shaped and molded, cut and trimmed, manipulated into works of art, without ceasing to be people and becoming things.

No, parenthood is not a creative activity. It is something even more exciting. It is not making; it is tending, as a gardener tends a growing plant. You can cultivate the environ-

ment around the child you cherish, you can give him nourishment, you can help him to grow straight and healthy and strong. But you cannot create him. His life does not belong to you, ever. And so it can go beyond you and be more than you ever thought of, for you are dealing not with your own creativity, but with God's.

We can never be artists in this field, but merely good gardeners of the life that God gives, and stewards of its beauty and promise. What more could anyone want?

A question that contains its own answer, Peg thought, as the organ started its joyous finale. ◀

Songs of Saul and Earthworms

BY CHAD WALSH

FREQUENTLY enough a writer starts as a poet and then turns to prose fiction. More rarely, the opposite happens. Rarest of all, perhaps, is the author who from the beginning seems equally at home in both genres.

John Updike, who has been swiftly emerging as one of the most interesting of the younger writers, is a case in point. *Telephone Poles* (Knopf, \$4.00) is his second volume of verse, taking its place beside two collections of short stories and three novels, the last of which was the much discussed and highly symbolic winner of the 1964 National Book Award, *The Centaur*.

Mr. Updike's poetry is more lucid than his prose. Many of the poems are frankly "light verse," but the smooth and debonaire tone often conceals the cutting edge of seriousness. For instance, "Marriage Counsel," with its question:

Why marry ogre

Just to get hubby?

moves on to a conclusion not too rollicking:

They vary

From savage to seedy,

And, once wed, will parry

To be set asunder.

O harpy, why marry

Ogre? I wonder.

With a Lewis Carroll's playful sense of language, an Ogden Nash's eye for the droll and bizarre, and an urbanity all his own, Mr. Updike commands words like a lion-tamer ordering the beasts to dance. The surface of his poetry is dazzlingly brilliant. But the poetry modulates easily into profound seriousness. He can write movingly and simply of human love:

*In all the love I had felt for you
before,*

in all that love,

there was no love

like that I felt when the rain

began:

dim room, enveloping rush,

*the slenderness of your throat,
the blessed slenderness.*

There is profound theological insight into the relation of heaven and earth in the seemingly casual "Earthworm":

*We pattern our Heaven
on bright butterflies,
but it must be that even
in earth Heaven lies.*

*The worm we uproot
in turning a spade
returns, careful brute,
to the peace he has made.*

*God blesses him; he
gives praise with his toil,
lends comfort to me,
and aerates the soil.*

*Immersed in the facts,
One must worship there;
claustrophobia attacks
us even in air.*

Finally, in "Seven Stanzas at Easter" (see THE EPISCOPALIAN, April, 1963), he has written the great Easter poem of our times. Refusing to dissolve the crude miracle of the resurrection into symbol or allegory, he proclaims in the accents of a St. Paul:

*Make no mistake: if He rose
at all
it was as His body;*

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if the cells' dissolution did not
reverse, the molecules reknit,
and amino acids rekindle,
the Church will fall.

A less dazzling but quietly modern poet is Arnold Kenseth, pastor of the South Congregational Church in Amherst and a member of the English faculty at the University of Massachusetts. His second book of verse, *The Holy Merriment* (University of North Carolina, \$4.00), breathes a singular singleness of spirit; a steady rejoicing in the presence of the God who reveals Himself in things as simple as the sight of children playing among the autumn leaves:

*Words fall, and the golden
children*

*Who have run all summer, call
Down the autumn streets, and all
Is a praise to the children:*

*The fires, the living and the dying,
The wind's lungs, the airs where
The leaves fall like songs: yellow
Gold, red gold, and gold gold.*

Writing of the Nativity, he can begin a poem:

*In this snowfall season the birth
Of God's furious and tender Son
Gives us our holy days by fire.*

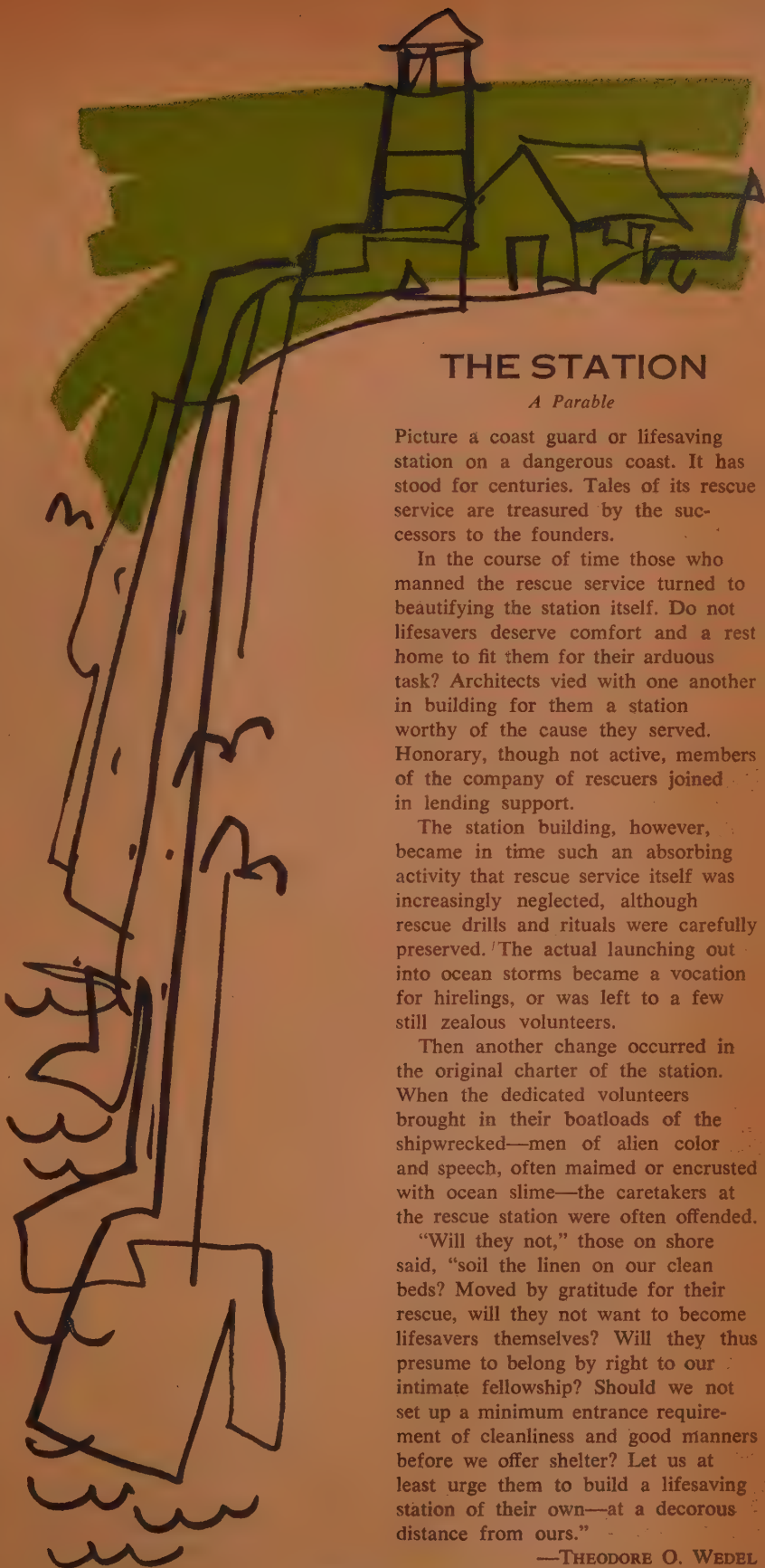
Earth

*Cradles once more the hope
that Eve*

*And her winter children will
receive*

*The sunlit garden; because fear
Has no room in our Saviour's
castle.*

Howard Nemerov, one of the most gifted poets of the middle-aged generation, has now turned to Biblical drama with promising results. In his latest book, *The Next Room of the Dream* (University of Chicago, paperback, \$2.45) there are two verse plays, "Endor" and "Cain." They are good poetry; one would have to see them acted to judge whether they are effective theater. Offhand, the story of Saul seems a bit stiff and bookish in spots, but the more breezy tone of "Cain" is alive and delightful. Both plays are strong possibilities for church theatrical groups looking for fresh material.



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Picture a coast guard or lifesaving station on a dangerous coast. It has stood for centuries. Tales of its rescue service are treasured by the successors to the founders.

In the course of time those who manned the rescue service turned to beautifying the station itself. Do not lifesavers deserve comfort and a rest home to fit them for their arduous task? Architects vied with one another in building for them a station worthy of the cause they served. Honorary, though not active, members of the company of rescuers joined in lending support.

The station building, however, became in time such an absorbing activity that rescue service itself was increasingly neglected, although rescue drills and rituals were carefully preserved. The actual launching out into ocean storms became a vocation for hirelings, or was left to a few still zealous volunteers.

Then another change occurred in the original charter of the station. When the dedicated volunteers brought in their boatloads of the shipwrecked—men of alien color and speech, often maimed or encrusted with ocean slime—the caretakers at the rescue station were often offended.

"Will they not," those on shore said, "soil the linen on our clean beds? Moved by gratitude for their rescue, will they not want to become lifesavers themselves? Will they thus presume to belong by right to our intimate fellowship? Should we not set up a minimum entrance requirement of cleanliness and good manners before we offer shelter? Let us at least urge them to build a lifesaving station of their own—at a decorous distance from ours."

—THEODORE O. WEDEL

Adapted from an article in *The Ecumenical Review*, October, 1963.



BOOKS

—CONTRIBUTING REVIEWER
Paul Moore, Jr.

Come Away to Mysterious, Remote, Untraveled Slumland

THE SMELLS inside the tenement . . . were a suffocating mixture of rotting food, rancid mattresses, dead rodents, dirt, and the stale odors of human life." "It was to Harlem that I came from the Harvard Law School."

These statements are in the opening pages of *My People Is the Enemy* by William Stringfellow (Holt, Rinehart, and Winston, \$3.95). The first sentence is there to shock—to shock the white, churchgoing reading public. It infers that this reading public does not know about tenements because the reading public has never visited these tenements. The second statement carries the same kind of punch as a travel book titled *A Yankee Visits Tibet*. Harlem and its equivalents across the country are foreign lands, hostile lands. Entering them requires an adventurous spirit. Those who do not live there are kept away. Not seeing, they do not believe the statistics of poverty and race; not believing, of course, they do not act. In order to act you have to be motivated by gutty things like sights, smells, and feelings.

Mr. Stringfellow, realizing that it is almost impossible to get anybody to visit Harlem, has done the next best thing. In his unceremonious, slashing manner he rubs the nose of the reader into the sights, scents, and sounds of north Manhattan. From their context, he takes well-aimed shots at the things and institutions and persons who make Harlem what it is. He is a lawyer, and ties together the law, politics, and economics of the ghetto. He is a radical Christian and feels and speaks as a churchman. The subtitle, *An Autobiographical Polemic*, is accu-

rate. The book is an account of Stringfellow's life in Harlem and a running polemical commentary upon it.

The picture is in no way exaggerated, from the baby dying of an undiagnosed ratbite to the political venality of City Hall. I wish we could understand what is being said here: if the white community does not *do something soon* the reasonable Negro leadership will be overthrown as ineffective, and violent leadership will take its place.

Stringfellow is at his best when discussing the law. The law and the law-enforcement officers have the appearance of the enemy to the inhabitants of the inner-city ghetto. You see a policeman, you run. Four men are picked up on charges of homosexuality. The three whites are treated courteously; the black is cursed and beaten.

"They [the people of the ghetto] can't afford the law, or they are so uninformed of their rights that they do not pursue them, or they are so disenchanted by what they know or hear of the administration of the law that they have no confidence that their rights will be vindicated."

"The police are an enemy, a sort of occupation force representing the white power structure."

Poverty is a subject suddenly in the news. Strange that it has taken 5,000 years to become news. Stringfellow has a deep understanding of poverty. He compares the poverty of his own youth with that of the ghetto.

"We were poor, but I could pass in white bourgeois society. We were poor, but I had a chance. That is not the way it has been for most

Negroes in America."

And he speaks the gospel of poverty—the good news, if you will, the only good news there is about poverty:

"To become and to be a Christian is, therefore, to have the extraordinary freedom to share the burdens of the daily, common, ambiguous, transient, perishing existence of men. For a Christian to be poor and work among the poor is not conventional charity, but use of the freedom for which Christ set men free."

As with most good, strong, vital books, there are spots where one disagrees. At least where I do. In saying that the gospel must be preached to the poor where they are (it is not necessary, in other words, to *uplift* people before they are *saved*), he makes this statement:

"If the gospel is so fragile that it may not be welcomed by a man who, say, is hungry unless he first be fed, then this is no gospel with any saving power. . . . The gospel is a word exactly addressed to men in their destitution and hunger. . . ."

This is true; yet if a hungry man is to accept the gospel when no effort is made to feed him, he must hear it from a man who is equally hungry, which, to our shame, few of us preachers or lawyers are. In the same connection, the author takes a couple of healthy sideswipes at the institutional Church with its battery of social workers. Again, I understand the point that the Church does not *need* social workers to be the Church, and can and *should* preach the gospel naked, as it were. Yet at the same time, if

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BOOKS

the Church can afford to give such services and does not, then it is guilty of withholding a coat from the man who needs one.

Stringfellow is not always consistent. In one place, the "amateurishness" of clergy and social-worker therapy is cited, and elsewhere these are commended for the help they render. Finally, the book would have been stronger had there been less detailed and involved criticism of the East Harlem Protestant Parish, although I would tend to agree with the author's comments.

Perhaps the book is masochistic. Perhaps it goes a little far, to the point where, if you are a pathetic, washed WASP (White Anglo-Saxon Protestant), you may feel you might just as well go hang yourself or crawl back into your hive. Yet can anything less than such vehemency pierce our hide of complacency?

Without occasional overstatement, the unbalance of our ignorance cannot be redressed.

Most readers will remember this book's vignettes far longer than its arguments. These reveal the love which lies beneath Stringfellow's severe self-portrait. The author was walking home one evening. The weather had turned cold, and he was shivering. A boy called out and came over to talk.

"As we talked, he saw that I was freezing to death, and so he took off his jacket and gave it to me to wear. The boy is an addict, and I happened to know that the clothes on his back were virtually the only ones he had—he had pawned everything else. Sometimes, when his clothes were being laundered, he would have to stay in the house because he had nothing else to wear, unless he could borrow something from someone. But he saw that I was cold and gave me his jacket. That is what is known as a sacrament." —PAUL MOORE, JR.

LANDSCAPES OF THE BIBLE, by Georg Eichholz (Harper & Row, \$8.95).

A handsome picturebook based on the proposition that, though in detail modern Palestine may show us little of what the Biblical characters saw, the larger scope of landscape "has remained largely the same for thousands of years." The color photography is superb. The text is full of historical detail and makes effective use of Biblical quotation. —M.M.

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About the Authors

Barbara Webster has written more than a half-dozen books about country life from the rural setting of Chester County, Pennsylvania, where, as Mrs. Edward Shenton, she with her husband, is a communicant of Holy Trinity Episcopal Church, West Chester. Janet Tulloch is a free-lance author and a communicant of St. Alban's Church, Washington, D.C. Louis Cassels is the author of the United Press International weekly syndicated column "Religion in America" and is a member of St. John's Church, Bethesda, Maryland. Born in St. Louis, Missouri, Thomas Stearns Eliot is a poet and dramatist, a director of a distinguished English publishing firm, and a Church of England layman. David E. Head is a Methodist clergyman whose experiences in Africa and in suburban England have contributed to his five unique books on worship and prayer. He is at present superintendent of a sprawling inner-city ministry in Birmingham, England. The author of "The Widow's Mite" is Kirifaka, a teaching elder in the Wai-Wai Indian Tribe in the backlands of British Guiana in South America. His Bible lesson was translated word for word from the WaiWai language. The Rev. Robert A. MacGill has just resigned as executive secretary of the Division of Publications of the Department of Promotion of the Episcopal National Council. John Updike, winner of the 1964 National Book Award for his third novel, *The Centaur*, lives in Ipswich, Massachusetts, with his wife and their three children. Lesley Conger is the professional name of a busy lady who is a free-lance author, wife of an anthropology professor, and mother of seven. In addition to her *Adventures of an Ordinary Mind* from which our excerpt "If You Get to Heaven Before I Do" was taken, she is the author of a previous book titled *Love and Peanut Butter* as well as numerous radio and TV scripts and articles for women's magazines. Frank Townshend, after producing two books of poetry during the 1930's titled *Earth and Heaven*, in that order, disappeared from view as an active poet sometime during World War II. Both his books are out of print. Chad Walsh is chairman of the Department of English at Beloit College, Beloit, Wisconsin, and a noted author, poet, and critic. Theodore O. Wedel, former canon of the Washington Cathedral and warden of the College of Preachers is an author and lecturer.

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Church Unity: Three Forward, One Backward

Leaders of six major American churches met in April at Princeton, New Jersey, to determine whether they are ready to move toward a plan of union. They moved three steps forward and one step backward.

This is about par for church unity meetings, and the participants were not merely putting a good face on things when they unanimously adopted a final communique registering their "satisfaction at the progress so far made." The communique added, "We intend to stay together. In obedience to Jesus Christ, we pledge ourselves to press on for a union."

Third Annual—The Princeton meeting was the third annual session of the Consultation on Church Union. The Consultation is a continuing body whose assignment is to "explore the establishment of a church truly catholic, truly reformed, and truly evangelical." The participating denominations, which have twenty million members among them, are the Methodist Church, the Episcopal Church, the United Presbyterian Church, the United Church of Christ, the Disciples of Christ, and the Evangelical United Brethren.

Three Forward—The forward steps at Princeton were doctrinal. To their own amazement, the six delegations reached unanimous agreement on three statements dealing with ministry, Baptism, and the Holy Communion. Historic differences among the six communions on these subjects had previously loomed as major blocks to union. The Princeton talks did not resolve all of the differences, but they did stake out enough common ground to indicate that the six denominations might live together in one united church without any of them having to sacrifice their deepest theological convictions.

For example, in their joint statement on the ministry the delegates agreed that the united church should have the historic orders of bishops, presbyters (also known as priests or elders), and deacons. Thus the Consultation embraced the principle of episcopacy.

The statement on Baptism acknowledged that a case can be made, Biblically and theologically, both for the practice of baptizing infants and for the belief that Baptism should be administered only to those old enough to make a responsible personal decision to follow Christ. The implication was that there would be room in a united church for both infant and adult Baptism. On the mode of Baptism—another ancient source of division among Christians—the

statement said that "the New Testament does not lay great stress on the particular manner in which Baptism is administered," and "in a united church it would be possible to baptize by immersion, pouring, or sprinkling."

In similar spirit, the statement on Holy Communion embraced both the "evangelical" view that the Lord's Supper is an act of remembrance and the "catholic" view that it is a sacramental means whereby the saving action of Christ becomes a "present and efficacious reality." The delegates found that they did not have to compromise on this at all. The full meaning of the Eucharist, they agreed, could be expressed only by emphasizing both its memorial and its sacramental aspects.

Two of the delegations—the Methodists and Episcopalians—felt that the time had not yet come to begin drafting a specific plan of union. This was a severe disappointment to some of the other participants, who had hoped that the Consultation would move on to that stage.

The Episcopal delegation, headed by the newly elected chairman of the Consultation, the Rt. Rev. Robert F. Gibson, Jr., Bishop of Virginia, was at great pains to emphasize that its hesitation did not stem from any "dissatisfaction" with progress achieved to date, but was based solely on the belief that the chances for eventually achieving a union will be better if the process of theological discussion is carried on for a while longer before the denominations get down to negotiating an actual plan.

One Backward—The Methodists were another story. In a report which they submitted to their General Conference in Pittsburgh, the Methodist delegates seemed to be questioning not only the feasibility, but the desirability of the proposed union. They pointed out, among other objections, that the traditional Methodist stand on total abstinence is not shared by some of the other churches involved in the talks. Despite their reservations, the Methodists announced their intention to remain in the talks. The next meeting will be held almost a year from now, April 5–8, 1965, in Lexington, Kentucky.

Nominating Committee Named for Presiding Bishop Election

A committee to present nominations for the election of a new Presiding Bishop has been appointed jointly by the Rt. Rev. Arthur Lichtenberger, who will resign next October as Presiding Bishop (see *THE EPISCOPALIAN*, May, 1964),

Continued on page 54

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and Mr. Clifford P. Morehouse, president of the House of Deputies.

The sixteen-member nominating committee will place the names of three bishops before the House of Bishops, for voting by that body when it meets in St. Louis, Missouri, during General Convention next October 11-23. Nominations may also be presented from the floor.

A Presiding Bishop is elected by a majority vote of the House of Bishops, subject to confirmation by the House of Deputies.

The nominating committee is comprised of the president bishops of the eight Episcopal provinces and four lay and four clerical deputies, one from each province. The Rt. Rev. William Crittenden, Bishop of Erie, is chairman.

Members of the nominating committee and the provinces they represent are: Province I—the Rt. Rev. Walter H. Gray, Bishop of Connecticut, and the Rev. Robert S. Kerr, Diocese of Vermont; Province II—the Rt. Rev. Horace W. B. Donegan, Bishop of New York, and the Rev. St. Clair Roger Desir, Missionary District of Haiti; Province III—the Rt. Rev. William Crittenden, Bishop of Erie, chairman, and Mr. Harrison Garrett, Diocese of Maryland; Province IV—the Rt. Rev. M. George Henry, Bishop of Western North Carolina, and Mr. Will S. Keese, Jr., Diocese of Tennessee; Province V—the Rt. Rev. John P. Craine, Bishop of Indianapolis, and the Ven. Charles D. Braidwood, Diocese of Michigan; Province VI—the Rt. Rev. Conrad H. Gesner, Bishop of South Dakota, and Mr. David E. Bronson, Diocese of Minnesota; Province VII—the Rt. Rev. George H. Quarterman, Bishop of Northwest Texas, and Mr. Gill Miller, Diocese of West Missouri; Province VIII—the Rt. Rev. Russell S. Hubbard, Bishop of Spokane, and the Very Rev. John C. Leffler, Diocese of Olympia.

Haiti Ousts Episcopal Bishop at Gunpoint



The Rt. Rev. Charles A. Voegeli, the Episcopal bishop whose twenty-one-year service in Haiti has won hemisphere-wide recognition, was recently forced to leave his adopted country at gunpoint.

While local officials gave no reason for their action, unofficial comments indicate that Bishop Voegeli had "lost the friendship" of the Duvalier regime. President Francois Duvalier, who recently initiated steps toward proclaiming himself lifetime ruler of the small Caribbean nation, has been a controversial figure both in international politics and in the religious world. His government's hostility toward religious groups was first evidenced in 1960, when a number of Roman Catholic clergymen were expelled. Duvalier, himself a Roman Catholic in this predominantly Roman nation, was excommunicated three years ago.

Asks No Protest—Bishop Voegeli, in New York City at the time of this writing, asked the U.S. State Department not to protest to the Haitian government. The bishop said he hopes to return to his flock—total Episcopal membership in Haiti numbers 34,623—and fears any official U.S. protest might jeopardize his chances.

Pastor and Patron—Bishop Voegeli went to Haiti in 1943, and became one of the most distinguished Americans

in the island nation. Known for his unselfish devotion to the country, he encouraged indigenous leadership: more than half of the Episcopal priests serving the church there today are Haitians.

Bishop Voegeli has also played a prominent part in encouraging the development of Haitian art in recent years. Many visitors to Port-au-Prince are familiar with the celebrated murals which adorn the Episcopal Church's Holy Trinity Cathedral there.

Civil Rights: The Changing Pattern

Within a few historic days, a series of events, each independent of the next, together formed an unmistakable affirmation of religious commitment to the cause of racial equality. While it is true that this same time period also contained some bleak episodes in the complex chronicle of race relations, firm and definite stands taken by religious organizations have brought renewed hope to the nation.

The Southern Presbyterians—Perhaps the most revealing example of this new climate of conviction emerged during the recent meeting of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States (Southern) in Montreat, North Carolina. The General Assembly, governing body of the denomination, stemmed conservative opposition and expressed strong support of integration.

In one decision, the Assembly voted to instruct its synods to dissolve the three deep-South, all-Negro presbyteries. The Assembly also passed an amendment to the Southern Presbyterian Church's constitution, to the effect that local churches are explicitly forbidden to exclude any person from "participation in public worship . . . on grounds of race, color, or class."

Before the latter amendment can go into effect, it must have the approval of a simple majority of the eighty Southern Presbyterian area councils, or presbyteries, followed by endorsement of a subsequent General Assembly.

The Montreat decisions were doubly significant in view of the composition of the denomination: of its 937,000 members, fewer than one per cent are Negro; and only a handful of its 4,000 churches are integrated.

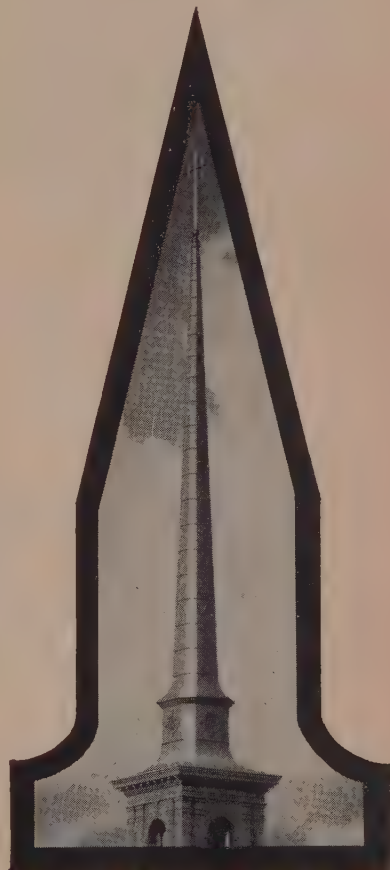
The denomination further underlined its position by rejecting five "overtures," or requests, that it withdraw from the National Council of Churches. Objections to the N.C.C. were voiced on basis of the activities of the Council's Commission on Religion and Race. While ordering its own N.C.C. representative to "continue to convey our concern that some activities of the Commission . . . are ill advised," the Southern Presbyterian delegates voted to reaffirm the church's membership in the interchurch agency, and to provide it with increased financial support.

The Prophet's Role—While the Montreat meeting was still in session, another major religious story was unfolding in Washington, D.C., where some 6,000 Roman Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish clergy met in what was called "the largest gathering of ministers, priests, and rabbis ever assembled in a witness to racial justice."

The convocation, sponsored by the National Council of Churches, the National Catholic Welfare Conference, and the Synagogue Council of America, marked the launching of a series of prayer vigils and worship services scheduled to continue until the civil rights bill is passed.

Continued on page 56

Stately spire adds beautiful call to worship



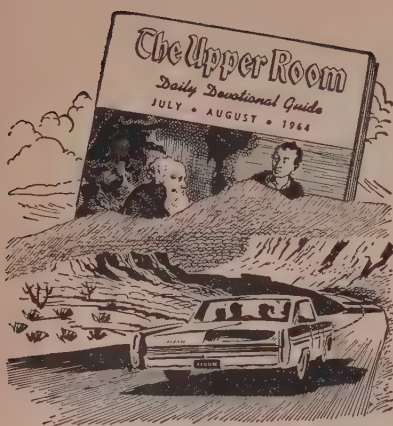
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President Lyndon B. Johnson, who received 177 members of the trifaith group in the White House, told the church leaders that it is their job "as prophets in our time to direct the immense power of religion in shaping the conduct and thoughts of men toward their brothers in a manner consistent with compassion and love."

Back to Birmingham—Last summer, Birmingham, Alabama, was the scene of some of the most disturbing episodes in the history of the United States. A few weeks ago, a Roman Catholic archbishop's order that all parochial elementary and high schools in his diocese be integrated beginning next September was received in an atmosphere of prevailing calm.

Archbishop Thomas J. Toolen, of Mobile-Birmingham, issued the directive in a pastoral letter to the diocese's churches. Saying his decision had been made after much "prayer, consultation, and advice," he urged that "all of our people . . . accept this decision as best for God and country. No matter what personal feelings are, the common good of all must come first."

The integration order will affect Roman Catholic schools in all of Alabama and in eleven west Florida counties. To date, no Roman Catholic school in Alabama—25,000 students, one-fifth of whom are Negroes, are enrolled in eighty elementary and thirteen high schools—has been integrated.

Public Poll—Despite frequent criticism that such stands regarding race relations represent the institutional Church rather than its individual members, a recent national survey by noted pollster Louis Harris indicated that the public at large is in favor of the civil rights bill now being considered. The national opinion for the bill represented a margin of two-to-one. While residents of Southern states generally opposed the civil rights bill itself, they joined the general opposition to a filibuster in the Senate.

Bishop Armstrong Dies Suddenly



The Rt. Rev. Joseph Gillespie Armstrong III, Episcopal Bishop of Pennsylvania, died of a stroke on April 23. The sudden death of the sixty-three-year-old bishop, who had become the diocesan only nine months earlier, shocked the diocese. The Rt. Rev. Robert L. DeWitt, who was elected coadjutor only last December, succeeds Bishop Armstrong as head of the 280-year-old jurisdiction.

Colorful History—Born in Pennsylvania and reared in Virginia and Massachusetts, the young Armstrong left high school in Boston at the age of sixteen to enlist in the U.S. Army. After World War I, he completed high school, and promptly enlisted for a three-year hitch in the U.S. Marines.

Subsequently earning diplomas from Johns Hopkins University and General Theological Seminary, he was ordained to the priesthood in 1931. In his parish ministry he was rector of Severn Parish in Waterbury, Maryland; Christ Church, Georgetown, Washington, D. C.; and St. Mary's Episcopal Church, Ardmore, Pennsylvania. During three of the nine years he served the Ardmore church, he was on leave of absence as a U.S. Navy chaplain.

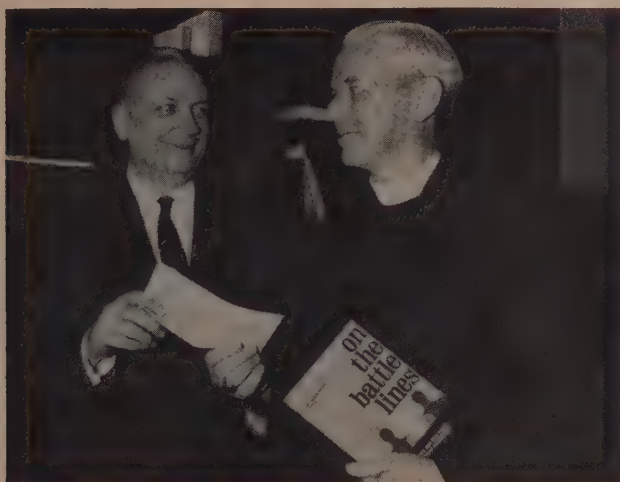
Elected Suffragan Bishop of Pennsylvania in 1949, he became coadjutor in 1960. Last year, upon the retirement

of the Rt. Rev. Oliver J. Hart, Bishop Armstrong became the diocesan.

At the time of his death, Bishop Armstrong was a member of the Urban Industrial Division of the Episcopal National Council, and was a trustee of both the General Theological Seminary and the Philadelphia Divinity School.

He is survived by his wife, the former Louise McKelvey Bray; a stepdaughter; and two stepgrandchildren.

Race Relations: Two for Reading



Clifford P. Morehouse and the Presiding Bishop

The Episcopal Church's active participation in efforts to achieve racial equality is reflected in two new publications, *Crisis on Elm Street* and *On the Battle Lines*.

The Facts on Housing—*Crisis on Elm Street* deals with the issues of housing discrimination from a Christian standpoint and is the only material of its kind currently available. The Rev. Robert A. MacGill, editor of the twenty-four page booklet, stresses that "it is not intended to 'argue the case' against discrimination; rather, it marshals the facts and presents them in such a way that readers may study the issues and make informed decisions on a local basis." The booklet, priced at fifty cents, is published by Seabury Press, 815 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y.

Clergymen in Action—*On the Battle Lines*, published by Morehouse-Barlow, New York, is a collection of twenty-seven essays by Episcopal clergymen who themselves are involved in racial, metropolitan, and political problems. It is edited by the Rev. Malcolm Boyd, and contributors include the Rt. Rev. Paul Moore, Jr., the Rev. C. Kilmer Myers, the Rev. Robert W. Castle, Jr., and other clergymen who have made outstanding efforts in areas involving current social, religious, and moral issues.

All royalties from the \$5.95, 258-page book will be contributed in response to Presiding Bishop Lichtenberger's recent appeal for a special, \$150,000 fund to help combat racial segregation. Clifford P. Morehouse, president of the church's House of Deputies and vice-president of the Morehouse-Barlow firm, recently presented the Presiding Bishop with a \$100 check, as a token advance royalty from *On the Battle Lines*.

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In Person

► Dr. Preston Rockholt, dean of Georgia's Augusta College and organist-choirmaster at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Augusta, has been appointed director of studies of the College of Church Musicians, the Washington Cathedral. Dr. Rockholt studied at Wheaton College in Illinois, the American Conservatory of Music, and Northwestern University, from which he received a Doctor of Music degree. He is a fellow of the American Guild of Organists, and a 1951 recipient of an American Musicians' Young Artist Award. As a member of the faculty of the celebrated cathedral college, Dr. Rockholt will teach service playing and repertoire.

► Next September 1, Dr. Kyle Haselden, for the past four years managing editor of *The Christian Century*, will move to the top of the masthead of the well-known ecumenical weekly. He will succeed Dr. Harold E. Fey, who announced his retirement [*Worldscene*, April, 1964] as editor of the magazine and as president of the Christian Century Foundation. Dr. Haselden, an American Baptist minister and award-winning author, is a graduate and trustee of Colgate-Rochester Theological Seminary, and currently edits *The Pulpit*, a monthly journal of preaching.

► On July 1, Dr. Robert M. Vogel will become dean of church-related Trinity College in Hartford, Connecticut. He will succeed Dr. Arthur H. Hughes, who will continue as vice-president of the college and as a ranking member of the faculty. Before joining the Trinity faculty in 1947, Dr. Vogel taught at Adrian College and the University of Rochester. Most recently he has been dean of graduate studies and director of the summer session at Trinity.

► Dr. Roswell P. Barnes, a pioneer in the ecumenical movement, recently announced that, because of a heart condition, he is retiring as executive secretary in America of the World Council of Churches. Much of Dr. Barnes's farewell address, however, was devoted to the future of the effort to achieve Christian unity. Speaking during the recent United States conference of the World Council in Buck Hill Falls, Pennsylvania, he warned against an attitude of complacency, and said that much progress can be made "if the present favorable climate continues and the laity is not restrained by too much ecclesiastical interference."

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visibly involved; yet a necessary job would be accomplished. On the other hand, if you had discovered this need through your social relations department, or used its good offices or those of the Church federation in the process, an appropriate mention of the same might have its value as a witness of the Church's concern.

Now, let us say that you, our reader, are a day-laborer and a member of a small parish in the aforementioned blighted area. How would you go about a campaign for housing? You would first ask your rector to organize others in the parish who were concerned. Next you would join forces with as many other groups as possible, like N.A.A.C.P., Jewish groups, other churches, etc. Having enlarged your own power base, you could then begin to use the social action techniques of petitions, conversations with local political figures, delegations to the mayor, picketing a reluctant City Hall, and so forth. Through the Church, you might also be able to interest some power structure people. The process is long and difficult no matter where you start, but the point I am making is this: in most urban situations of social action, power, not words or principles, is what counts. Thus each person must understand the power structures of his community and where he stands within it before planning a course of action. The two examples above show the approach from strength and the approach from weakness. Each is effective if pursued with perseverance and skill. However, they are probably mutually exclusive.

One unexpected principle is that in many areas a group which lies outside the power structure but which is deeply dedicated has more chance of achieving its end than a group from within which is concerned but not *dedicated* to the cause.

The successful planning of Christian social action is affected not only by relative positions of strength, but also by a clearly defined purpose. Is the purpose witness, evangelism through concern, education by ex-

ample, deepening of involvement for those participating, or the attainment of a specific result of social betterment? If the purpose is witness, the Church should be involved explicitly. If the purpose is the achievement of a result for which secular or Jewish co-operation is essential, the Church should not be mentioned. Picketing is a useful technique, but it alienates the power structure. Sometimes failure with strong witness is more useful than hidden success to the long term purpose of a neighborhood parish. In any case, unclear purpose may jet-tison success in any area.

Finally, a word should be said about the education of the influential members of the community in certain aspects of its life to which they may not have been exposed. All ways of communication can be employed: preaching and the use of news releases, demonstrations of various kinds (services and outdoor processions of witness), conferences and lunches aimed at community leaders, and the cultivation of friendships with them. One such friendship is often the key to a whole undertaking. A sustained effort at communication can change the climate of a city over a period of time, because in every American city there is a reservoir of good will and a sense of justice waiting to be tapped.

The danger in knowing the workings of the power structure lies in misuse. Cynical manipulation, alliance with less than moral sources of power, or unethical methods can cut the Church off from the source of ultimate power, God. As long as this is kept in mind, a Christian should not be afraid of the understanding and use of the power which exists as part of God's world around him. This knowledge and its skillful use can protect and help God's people and can inspire the proper stewardship of power. It relieves the Church from amateurishness in social action and from the morale-shattering disappointments which follow when dedicated persons, full of heart, work long and hard with great enthusiasm—and suddenly, nothing happens. ◀

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HISTORY'S corridors are crowded with men and women who seem to increase in fascination with the passing of time.

Eight centuries ago, at Canterbury Cathedral in southern England, an archbishop was attacked and put to death. The circumstances surrounding Thomas à Becket's death, and the role played in it by King Henry II of England, have made it an event calculated always to move men's imaginations.

Celebrated in myth and literature, this same event is now the subject of a new motion picture titled *Becket*. The film, starring Richard Burton as Thomas Becket and Peter O'Toole as Henry II, is based on a play by Jean Anouilh. The Broadway presentation of the play starred Laurence Olivier as Becket and Anthony Quinn as the king. Olivier and Quinn brought an incalculably different interpretation of the characters to audiences than Burton and O'Toole do in the motion picture.

The story line unfolds the friendship between Thomas Becket and Henry II and the way in which this

changes, first into discord, and then to hate on the king's part, after Becket is named Archbishop of Canterbury.

Becket had never been so accessible in friendship as the king. A good companion in the sport and games of the times, Becket was always somewhat withdrawn compared to Henry, who had a lusty zest for life and a volatile, mercurial temperament.

But then came Becket's appointment to the highest churchly office in the realm. To the king's surprise, Becket took the post seriously. This meant that the archbishop voted for God instead of the king when church-state relations headed into crisis.

Richard Burton's portrayal of Thomas Becket is often distant, with its low-key veering away from enthusiasms, and its icy resolution. The complexity of Becket is based on the fact of his accepted and absolute commitment.

He had formerly been pledged to a particular way of life and had, in fact, honored that pledge. His atti-

tude changed radically when he was—despite his wishes—presented a responsibility with values antithetical to the old.

The king, who had placed his friend in a position where he could become an enemy, found it impossible to understand what had happened to Becket. But Henry was more inclined to know pawns than men. This was not true of his new archbishop.

As Burton's performance in the film grows in power, Peter O'Toole's interpretation of Henry II introduces a near-fatal flaw into the film; waspishness is found where there should be manliness, and his weakness is unable to meet strength.

Becket is a spectacle in the new genre which emphasizes human personality over pageantry, men over costumes, dialogues over battles. But it fails to be human because of its breadth of stroke. Among the distinguished supporting cast, only John Gielgud as Louis VII of France emerges superior to his role. Donald Wolfitt as Bishop Folliot postures as might have been expected in a second-rate costume drama; he becomes a stranger to subtlety and even makes his exits in flowing period capes. The distinguished actress, Martita Hunt, is undistinguished as Henry's mother, Queen Matilda, while Pamela Brown plays Eleanor of Aquitaine as a crowned nitwit.

The music, in the final accounting, is perhaps the most unnerving aspect of the film. As music used to come mysteriously out of cactuses in the early Roy Rogers cowboy-musicals, so do mighty symphonic sounds emerge, without warning, every time anyone in *Becket* gets into bed, commits murder, goes for a horseback ride, or sits down to dine.

The picture, directed by Peter Glenville, would have been much better in black and white, small screen, without background music—and with actors behaving more naturally than they do.

—MALCOLM BOYD

Have and Have Not

This column is your column, designed to bring together those who need certain church supplies and furnishings and those who have a surplus. Please observe these simple rules: 1) write directly to the parish, mission, or individual making the request; 2) do not ship any material to THE EPISCOPALIAN.

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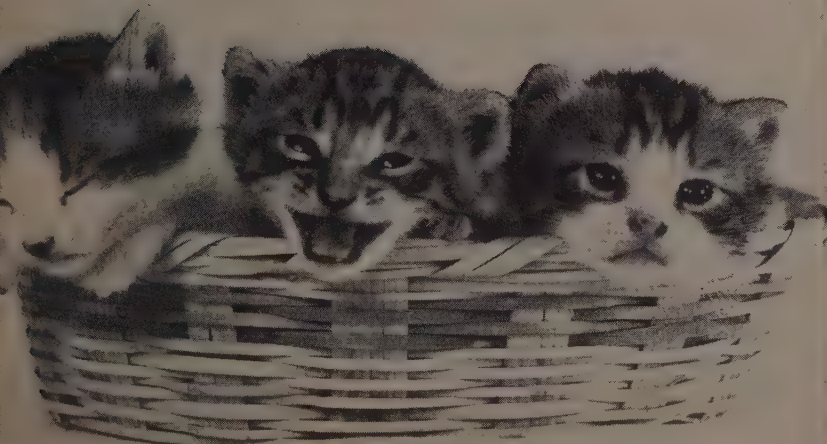
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- 16 **Lexington, U.S.A.:** William R. Moody, *Bishop.* (Episcopal Theological Seminary in Kentucky; work in mountain areas [Harlan, Hazard, Pikeville, Middlesboro, Corbin, Beattyville]; college work.)
- 17 **Liberia:** Dillard H. Brown, Jr., *Bishop.* (Clergy, lay workers, teachers, government, and people of Liberia, that their witness may influence the growth of Christianity in Africa.)
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- 25 **Los Angeles, U.S.A.:** Francis Eric Bloy, *Bishop;* Ivor Ira Curtis, *Suffragan.* (Urban program, parochial and secondary schools; diocesan institutions: Hospital of the Good Samaritan, Seamen's Church Institute, home for the aged, home for children, Gooden House for rehabilitation of alcoholics.)
- 26 **Louisiana, U.S.A.:** Girault M. Jones, *Bishop;* Iveson Batchelor Noland, *Coadjutor.* (For the clergy and people in town and country work.)
- 27 **Lucknow, India:** Joseph Amritanand, *Bishop.*
- 28 **Madagascar:** Jean Marcel, *Bishop;* James Seth, *Assistant Bishop.*
- 29 **Maine, U.S.A.:** Oliver L. Loring, *Bishop.*
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Headmaster

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EDUCATIONAL DIRECTORY

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Grades 9-12, College Preparatory,
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MUSIC, ARTS, DRAMATICS,
SPORTS, RIDING

Each student given special guidance.

The School is under the direction
of the Sisters of Saint Mary. For
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Sound scholastic training for individual development.
Accredited College Prep. 8-12 grades. Small classes.
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excellence stressed. Bible study required. Distinctive pro-
gram: accelerated reading courses; Honors class; sum-
mer European seminar on senior level; internationally
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drama, ballet, riding. Day classes for kindergarten-
12th grade. Catalog:

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P.O. Box 17407, Dept. E, Memphis, Tennessee 38117

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ern Dance. Utilize the cultural resources of
University of Virginia. Sports, riding. Suite-
plan dormitories. Established 1910.

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ST. ANNE'S SCHOOL, Charlottesville 2, Va.

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River. SUMMER SCHOOL: June-August.

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1860.

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OFFERS NEW EDUCATIONAL EXPERIENCE. One of
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secretarial training combined with maturing influence of
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High academic standards. In historic Vicks-
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For "All Saints Today" and Bulletin, address,
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Episcopal School for girls. Under direction of
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lege preparatory. Fully accredited. Small
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Sister Superior, St. Mary's School
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Girls Episcopal Boarding (Grades 7-12)
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Fully accredited. College preparatory and general
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The Diocesan Girls' School of Maryland
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HOSPITAL

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sing Education is followed by one year
Internship with liberal stipend. For infor-
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Offers a fully accredited 3 year program
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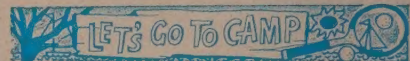
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Girls 7-14. Cabins, chapel, private pond,
Riding, tennis, archery, outpost camping,
trips, etc. 10 miles from Keene, N.H. and
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Begins June 14 — Six Weeks

Boys, day and boarding. Grades 7-12, all levels.
Remedial, enrichment and advanced courses in
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Olympic-size pool. All dormitories & classrooms
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KENWOOD in the Berkshires

Boys-Girls 6-16. Our concern is for the happiness
of each camper. Waterfront specialists, modern
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tered nurse. In requesting brochure state age, sex,
interests.

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(Camp
Marshall)

Polson, Montana

Summer camp for boys and girls, family camp,
women's retreat, laymen's weekend.

Rev. Victor Richer
600 3rd Ave., N. Great Falls, Mont.

LETTERS

attain status (in the modern sense)? Are we really putting first things first when we struggle for recognition rather than remembering that "whosoever will lose his life for my sake, shall find it?"

MRS. JOHN W. FORTNER
Greenville, S.C.

... I thoroughly enjoyed your article in ... THE EPISCOPALIAN. I was a delegate to the 1961 Triennial, and can appreciate how the voting of the General Convention disheartened many women. ...

MRS. HOMER C. HOLLAND
Palisades Park, N.J.

Your magazine is terrific ... every Episcopalian should be receiving it. The articles are timely, interesting, and well written by people who have something to say. Only one small request please ... could we continue to have a little bit more on the women of the church—profiles, interesting little notes. ...

ALICE M. WALTERS
Florissant, Mo.

AND THE LITTLE CHILDREN ...

... A four-year-old girl in the congregation recently went up to the layreader who arranged for children to receive the offering in church school each Sunday, and said, "I want to be the offering today." The layreader [asked], "You mean you want to take up the offering today?" The rector then [commented] saying, "How could the real meaning of the offering be better expressed than, 'I want to be the offering today.'"

THE REV. ALDEN BESSE
Rumford, R.I.

... The teacher of the combined seventh and eighth grades in this parish asked her students to define a true Christian. One of the students responded ... "A true Christian is a dishonest follower of God praying for forgiveness."

If that definition sinks in, it could change the Church and the world.

THE REV. THOMAS STEENSLAND
Paso Robles, Calif.

From Alaska Worst U.S. Quake
A Tale of Terror,
Tragedy and Hope

A Methodist minister, who left St. Paul's Church in Northport three years ago to take a pastorate at ... Alaska, ...

COMPLETE WRECKAGE ... Clutching few belongings, two persons make way out of the rubble of what was ...

Alaska Will Need Huge Federal Aid, President Is Told

ANCHORAGE, Alaska, March 9 (AP)—The Federal Government's disaster relief chief told President Johnson tonight that massive aid was needed to enable Alaska to recover from the earthquake.

15 STILL MISSING IN CRESCENT CITY

Damage from ...

Puts Damage in Alaska

ALASKA IS STRUCK BY SEVERE QUAKE 60 FEARED

Main Street of ... Is Said to Be ...

Damage and Begins Salvage Work in W

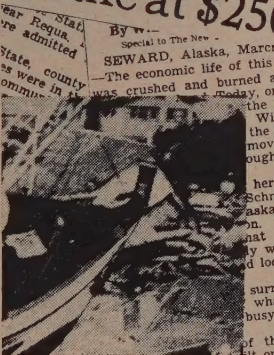
DAZZLED ALASKANS SCAN THE RUBBLE



STATE ... TO U.S. F

Work Crews A ... and Teams ... Anchorage B

Quake at \$250 Million as Death Toll St



List of Casualties

Authorities identified yesterday the following casualties of the Alaskan earthquake and tsunami, according to United States Press International.

Anchorage

DEAD

BAKER, Clayton
KNIGHT, Mrs. Virgil
MARTINEZ, J. J.
MURPHY, Mrs. Marie L.
STYER, Lee M.
TAYLOR, William
(Year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Ware).

MISSING

Valdez

DEAD

GREGORIOFF, Paul
MISSING, PRESUMED DEAD

BODIE, Don
BROWN, Freddie L. P.
CARRIKER, Rev. L. P.
CUNNINGHAM, Dennis
GRANGER, Doug
GROWDEN, James
(Two sons of James Growden, ages about 4 and 3).

HARRISON, Robert
HENDERSON, Harry
JOSLYN, George
KNUTSON, Stanley
KRAIGER, Howard
KULSTAD, Mrs. Bob
MCCOY, Ross

MISSING

M'KENZIE, Wash.
M'KENZIE, St.
DEIS, Mrs. heart at struck.
Cres.
ARRIGO: CLAWSON

when DISASTER strikes,

the Presiding Bishop's Fund must be ready to help as it did for Alaska within a few hours. It can be ready only when you and your fellow churchmen give regularly and enough.

Each dollar you give to this Fund provides maximum direct relief to those in need.

GIVE TODAY

THE PRESIDING BISHOP'S FUND FOR WORLD RELIEF

815 Second Ave., New York 10017

WHY DID THEY KILL MY DADDY?



This little girl in *Vietnam* doesn't know what war is all about. All she knows is that once she was happy. Her daddy worked, while her mother baked soft bread and spicy meat.

Then people screamed, guns fired, flames ate up the house. Chu grabbed her mother's hand and ran. Then she was hungry, and her mother said hush when she asked, "Why did they kill my daddy?"

Maybe you can't answer her question, but you can give her a decent chance to grow up.

Like thousands of other boys and girls—innocent victims of tragedy—Chu can be "adopted" for only \$10 a month. You can choose a boy or girl from the countries listed.

In one of CCF's affiliated or owned

Homes your child will receive love and security. And you will receive a deep satisfaction . . . *plus* your "adopted" child's picture, life history, and a priceless gift of friendship.

70% of the time we must say "No, please wait" when a grief-stricken mother or relative brings a child to us for care. Perhaps we can say "Yes" to this sad-eyed girl who has lost her daddy.

CCF sponsors have shown their love to the world's children for 26 years in this unique person-to-person program—today assisting 45,100 children in 52 countries.

Won't you help? Today?

Sponsors needed to help children in the following countries this month: India, Hong Kong, Korea, Japan, Mexico, Formosa, American Indians, Vietnam.

Write today: Verbon E. Kemp, Executive Director
CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.

Richmond, Va. 23204



I wish to "adopt" a ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country) _____

I will pay \$10 a month (\$120 a year)
☐ monthly ☐ semi-annually ☐ yearly

I enclose my first payment of \$_____

Please send me my child's name, story, address and picture.

I cannot "adopt" a child but want to help by giving \$_____

☐ Please send me more information E64

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip Code _____

Canadians: Write
Christian Children's Fund of Canada,
1139 Bay Street, Toronto 5, Canada.

Government Approved, Registered (VFA-080) with Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Gifts of any amount are welcome, and are income tax deductible.

CALENDAR

JUNE

7 Second Sunday after Trinity

10-19 Missionary Orientation Conference. Briefings for newly appointed missionaries, Seabury House, Greenwich, Conn. Sponsored by the Overseas Department.

11 St. Barnabas the Apostle

11-14 Province IV, Diocesan Chairmen of Laymen's Work. Held at the University of the South, Seawee, Tenn. Theme: "Mutual Responsibility and Interdependence." Daily classes on "Preparation of Churchwomen for Triennial."

14 Third Sunday after Trinity

14 Anniversary of founding of Japan International Christian University.

21 Fourth Sunday after Trinity

21- Ecumenical Seminar in Oxford, England; Paris, France; Tubingen, Germany; and Basel, Switzerland. For U. S. clergy and theological scholars. Sponsored by the Institute of European Studies, Chicago, Ill.

22-25 National Study Conference on Weekday Religious Education, New York, N. Y. Sponsored by the Commission on General Christian Education of the National Council of Churches.

24 St. John the Baptist

26- Society for Girls Creative Arts Camp, Cedar Hills Conference Center, Painesville, Ohio. For G.F.S. leaders and members.

28 Fifth Sunday after Trinity

29 St. Peter the Apostle

Meetings, conferences, and events of regional, provincial, or national interest will be included in the Calendar as space permits. Notices should be sent at least six weeks before the event.

PICTURE CREDITS

John Calhoun: 9, 11.

H. Armstrong Roberts: 61.

Earl Huyck: 13-16.

Thomas Young: 2-4.